# FAMILIAR SONGS OF THE GOSPEL

SONGS THAT WE KNOW AND LOVE TO SING.

PUBLISHED BY
E. A. K. HACKETT,
FORT WAYNE, IND.
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# INDEX TO SONGS.


| Name of Hymns. | No. |
|---|---|
| Abide With Me | 48 |
| A Little Talk With Jesus | 10 |
| All for Jesus | 26 |
| All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name | 32 |
| Almost Persuaded | 37 |
| Am I a Soldier of the Cross? | 61 |
| Are You Washed in the Blood? | 58 |
| Awake, My Soul | 69 |
| Behold a Stranger at the Door | 70 |
| Blessed Assurance | 14 |
| Blessed by the Name | 71 |
| Blessed be the Tie That Binds | 81 |
| Bringing in the Sheaves | 60 |
| Cleansing Wave | 68 |
| Come Thou Fount of Every Blessing | 65 |
| Come, Ye Sinners | 33 |
| Count Your Blessings | 25 |
| Depth of Mercy | 76 |
| Follow On | 43 |
| Glory to His Name | 29 |
| God Be With You Till We Meet Again | 79 |
| Hallelujah, 'Tis Done | 18 |
| Heaven is My Home | 20 |
| He is Just the Same Today | 52 |
| He Saves Me | 16 |
| Home, Sweet Home | 78 |
| Higher Ground | 8 |
| I Am Coming | 47 |
| I Can, I Will I Do Believe | 46 |
| I Do Believe | 17 |
| I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say | 34 |
| I Love Jesus | 73 |
| I Must Tell Jesus | 9 |
| In a Little While We're Going Home | 12 |
| I Surrender All | 13 |
| Jesus, Lover of My Soul | 63 |
| Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me | 64 |
| Jesus Paid It All | 44 |
| Jewels | 38 |
| Just As I Am | 28 |
| Keep Close to Jesus | 75 |
| Live As Jesus Would Have You | 36 |
| Looking This Way | 59 |
| Lord, I Am Coming | 35 |
| Make Me a Channel of Blessing | 11 |
| Meet Me in the City | 55 |
| My Jesus, I Love Thee | 45 |
| Nearer My God to Thee | 7 |
| Never Alone, or My Lord and I | 23 |
| No, Not One | 49 |
| O, Happy Day | 19 |
| Oh, How I Love Jesus | 24 |
| Old Time Religion | 74 |
| Only Trust Him | 40 |
| Onward, Christian Soldiers | 15 |
| Praise God | 83 |
| Remember Me | 50 |
| Revive Us Again | 31 |
| Rock of Ages | 21 |
| Saved Through Jesus' Blood | 39 |
| Shall You, Shall I | 1 |
| Softly and Tenderly | 53 |
| Stand Up for Jesus | 30 |
| Standing on the Promises | 5 |
| Sunlight | 4 |
| Take Me As I Am | 77 |
| Take My Life and Let It Be | 41 |
| The Mistakes of My Life | 67 |
| The Way to the Cross | 80 |
| There's a Great Day Coming | 54 |
| There is a Fountain | 22 |
| There is Power in the Blood | 3 |
| Throw Out the Life Line | 57 |
| We Shall Walk Through the Streets | 82 |
| We'll Never Say Good-bye | 51 |
| When the Roll is Called | 6 |
| While Jesus Whispers | 27 |
| Why Do You Wait? | 42 |
| Will There Be Any Stars? | 2 |
| What a Friend We Have in Jesus | 62 |
| We'll Work Till Jesus Comes | 66 |
| Work for the Night is Coming | 72 |
| Yield Not to Temptation | 56 |

# Familiar Songs of the Gospel.

## 1 Shall You? Shall I?

G. M. J. JAMES McGRANAHAN.

f
pp
1. Some one will en - ter the pearl - y gate By and by, by and by,
2. Some one will glad-ly his cross lay down By and by, by and by,
3. Some one will knock when the door is shut By and by, by and by,
4. Some one will sing the tri - um-phant song By and by, by and by,
Repeat pp.
Taste of the glo- ries that there a - wait, Shall you? shall I?.....
Faith-ful, approved, shall receive a crown, Shall you? shall I?.....
Hear a voice say - ing, "I know you not," Shall you? shall I?.....
Join in the praise with the blood-bought throng, Shall you? shall I?.....
Some one will trav - el the streets of gold, Beau - ti - ful vi- sions will
Some one the glo - ri - ous King will see, Ev - er from sor - row of
Some one will call and shall not he heard, Vain - ly will strive when the
Some one will greet on the gold - en shore Loved ones of earth who have
Repeat pp.
there behold, Feast of the pleasures so long foretold: Shall you? shall I?....
earth be free, Happy with Him thro' e-ter - ni- ty: Shall you? shall I?....
door is barred, Some one will fail of the saint's reward: Shall you? shall I?....
gone be-fore, Safe in the glo-ry for - ev - er-more: Shall you? shall I?....

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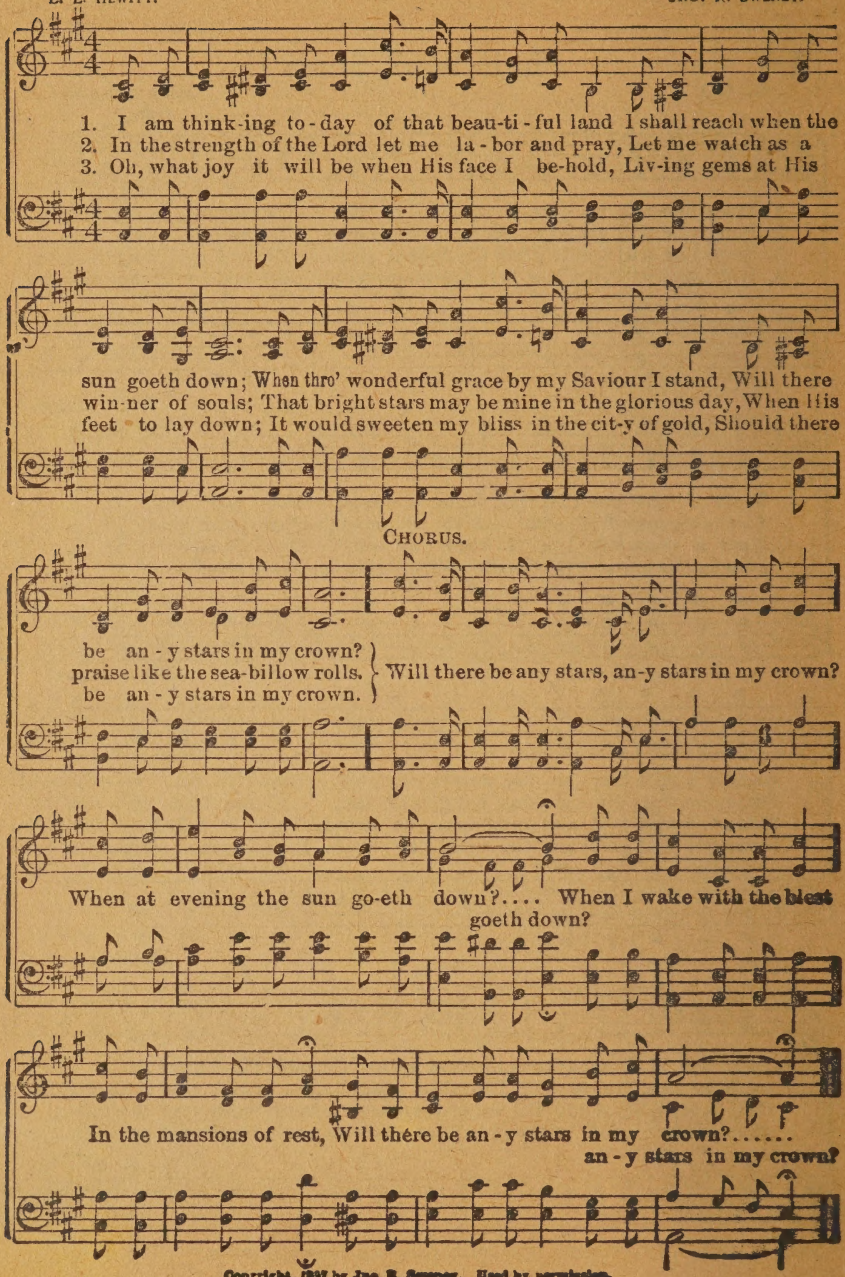
# Will There Be Any Stars?

E. E. Hewitt. Jno. R. Sweney.


1. I am think-ing to-day of that beau-ti-ful land I shall reach when the
2. In the strength of the Lord let me la-bor and pray, Let me watch as a
3. Oh, what joy it will be when His face I be-hold, Liv-ing gems at His
sun goeth down; When thro' wonderful grace by my Saviour I stand, Will there
win-ner of souls; That bright stars may be mine in the glorious day, When I His
feet to lay down; It would sweeten my bliss in the cit-y of gold, Should there
Chorus.
be an-y stars in my crown?
praise like the sea-billow rolls.
be an-y stars in my crown.
Will there be any stars, an-y stars in my crown?
When at evening the sun go-eth down?.... When I wake with the blest
goeth down?
In the mansions of rest, Will there be an-y stars in my crown?.....
an-y stars in my crown?

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# 3 There Is Power In the Blood.

L. E. J. L. E. Jones.

1. Would you be free from your bur-den of sin? There's pow'r in the blood,
2. Would you be free from your pas-sion and pride? There's pow'r in the blood,
3. Would you be whit-er, much whit-er than snow? There's pow'r in the blood,
4 Would you do serv-ice for Je-sus your King? There's pow'r in the blood,
pow'r in the blood; Would you o'er e-vil a vic-to-ry win?
pow'r in the blood; Come for a cleans-ing to Cal-va ry's tide,
pow'r in the blood; Sin stains are lost in its life-giv-ing flow,
pow'r in the blood, Would you live dai-ly His prais-es to sing?
Chorus.
There's won-der-ful pow'r in the blood. There is pow'r, pow'r,
there is pow'r,
won-der-work-ing pow'r In the blood of the Lamb; There is
In the blood of the Lamb;
pow'r, pow'r, won-der-work-ing pow'r In the precious blood of the Lamb.
there is pow'r,

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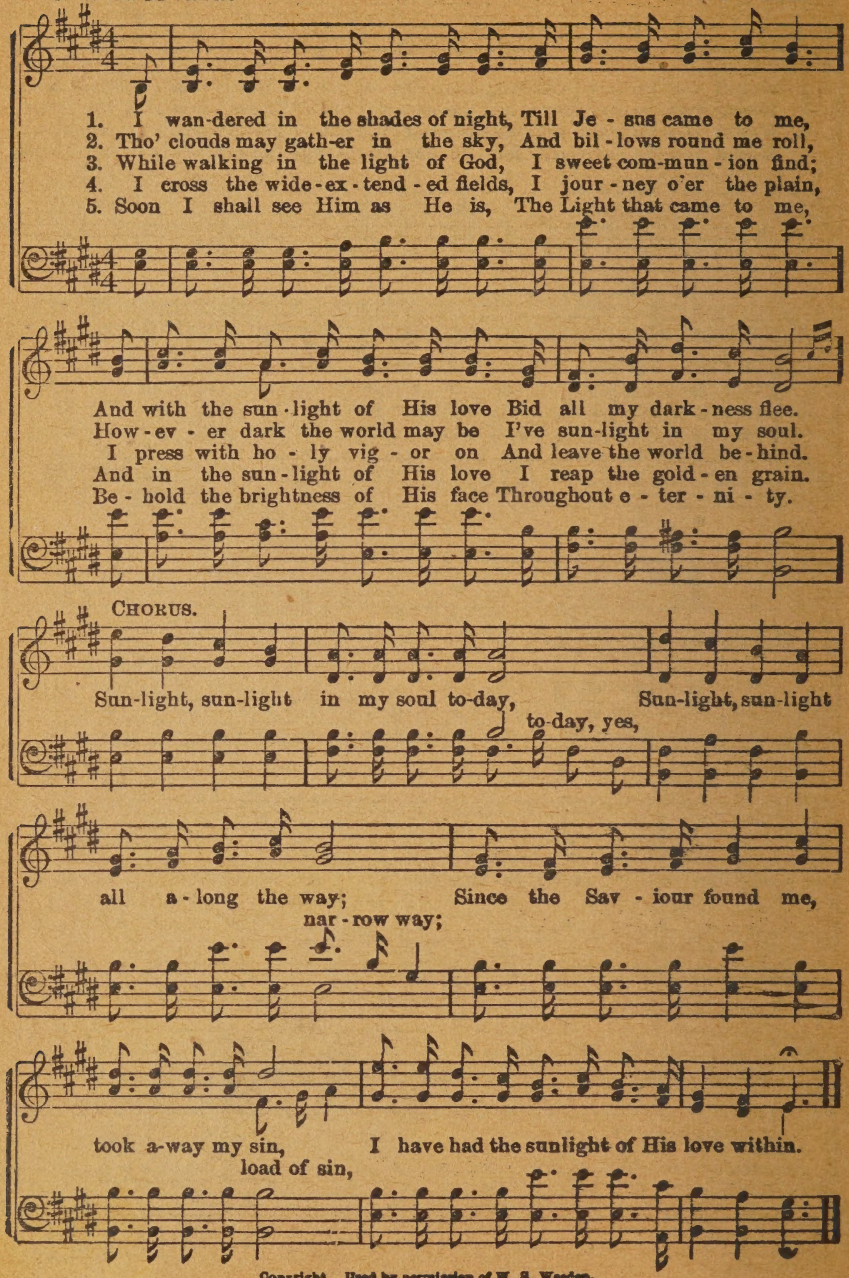
# Sunlight.

J. W. Van De Venter. W. S. Weeden.


1. I wan-dered in the shades of night, Till Je - sus came to me,
2. Tho' clouds may gath-er in the sky, And bil - lows round me roll,
3. While walking in the light of God, I sweet com-mun - ion find;
4. I cross the wide-ex-tend - ed fields, I jour - ney o'er the plain,
5. Soon I shall see Him as He is, The Light that came to me,
And with the sun - light of His love Bid all my dark - ness flee.
How - ev - er dark the world may be I've sun-light in my soul.
I press with ho - ly vig - or on And leave the world be - hind.
And in the sun - light of His love I reap the gold - en grain.
Be - hold the brightness of His face Throughout e - ter - ni - ty.
Chorus.
Sun-light, sun-light in my soul to-day, Sun-light, sun-light
to-day, yes,
all a - long the way; Since the Sav - iour found me,
nar - row way;
took a-way my sin, I have had the sunlight of His love within.
load of sin,

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# 5 Standing On the Promises.

R. K. C. R. KELSO CARTER.

1. Stand-ing on the prom-is - es of Christ my King, Thro' e - ter - nal
2. Stand-ing on the prom-is - es that can - not fail, When the howl - ing
3. Stand-ing on the prom-is - es, I now can see Per - fect, pres - ent
4. Stand-ing on the prom-is - es of Christ the Lord, Bound to Him e -
5. Stand-ing on the prom-is - es, I can - not fall, List -'ning ev - 'ry
a - ges let His prais-es ring; Glo - ry in the high-est, I will shout and sing,
storms of doubt and fear as - sail, By the liv-ing Word of God, I shall pre - vail,
cleans-ing in the blood for me; Standing in the liberty where Christ makes free,
ter - nal ly by love's strong cord, O-ver-com-ing dai - ly with the Spir-it's sword,
moment to the Spir- it's call, Rest-ing in my Sav-iour, as my all in all,
CHORUS.
Standing on the prom-is-es of God. Stand - ing, stand - ing,
Standing on the promise, standing on the promise,
Stand-ing on the prom-is - es of God, my Sav-iour; Stand - - ing,
Standing on the promise,
stand - ing, I'm stand-ing on the prom-is - es of God.
stand-ing on the prom-ise,

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WILSON
NcU

# 6 When the Roll Is Called Up Yonder.

B. M. J. J. M. BLACK.

1. When the trump - et of the Lord shall sound, and time shall be no
2. On that bright and cloud-less morn-ing when the dead in Christ shall
3. Let us la - bor for the Mas - ter from the dawn till set - ting
more, And the morn-ing breaks, e - ter - nal, bright and fair; When the
rise, And the glo - ry of His res - ur - rec - tion share; When His
sun, Let us talk of all His won-drous love and care; Then when
saved of earth shall gath-er o - ver on the oth - er shore, And the
cho - sen ones shall gath-er to their home be-yond the skies, And the
all of life is o - ver, and our work on earth is done, And the
CHORUS.
roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there. When the roll..... is
roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there.
roll is called up yon - der, we'll be there. When the roll is
called up yon - - der, When the roll..... is called up
called up yon - der, I'll be there, When the roll is called up

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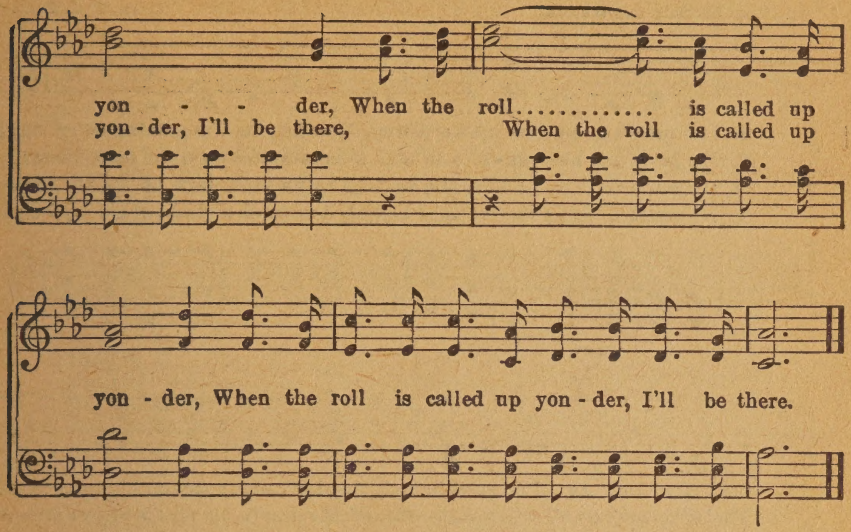
## When the Roll Is Called Up Yonder—Concluded.


yon - - - der, When the roll..... is called up
yon - der, I'll be there, When the roll is called up
yon - der, When the roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there.

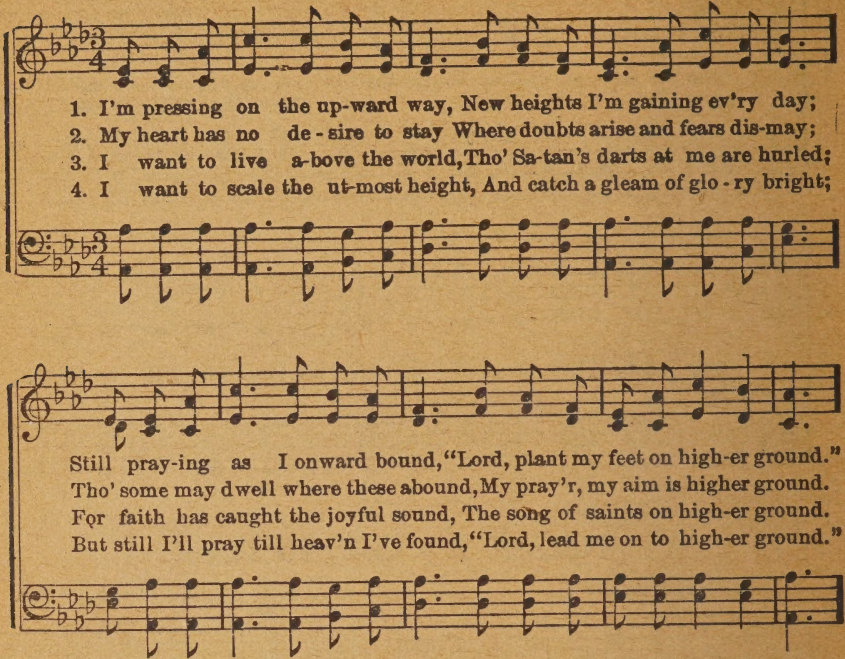
## 7 Nearer, My God, to Thee!

MRS. SARAH F. ADAMS. LOWELL MASON.

1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee! E'en tho' it be a cross
2. Tho' like a wan-der-er, The sun gone down, Dark-ness be o - ver me,
3. There let the way ap-pear Steps un - to heav'n; All that Thou sendest me,
4. Or if, on joy-ful wing, Cleaving the sky, Sun, moon, and stars for-got,
D. S.—Near - er, my God, to Thee,
Fine.
D. S.
That rais-eth me; Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my God, to Thee,
My rest a stone, Yet in my dreams I'd be Near - er, my God, to Thee,
In mer-cy giv'n; An - gels to beck - on me Near - er, my God, to Thee,
Up - ward I fly, Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my God, to Thee,
Near - er to Thee!

# Higher Ground.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.


1. I'm pressing on the up-ward way, New heights I'm gaining ev'ry day;
2. My heart has no de-sire to stay Where doubts arise and fears dis-may;
3. I want to live a-bove the world, Tho' Sa-tan's darts at me are hurled;
4. I want to scale the ut-most height, And catch a gleam of glo-ry bright;
Still pray-ing as I onward bound, "Lord, plant my feet on high-er ground."
Tho' some may dwell where these abound, My pray'r, my aim is higher ground.
For faith has caught the joyful sound, The song of saints on high-er ground.
But still I'll pray till heav'n I've found, "Lord, lead me on to high-er ground."
CHORUS.
Lord, lift me up, and let me stand, By faith, on heav-en's ta-ble-land;
A high-er plane than I have found; Lord, plant my feet on high-er ground.

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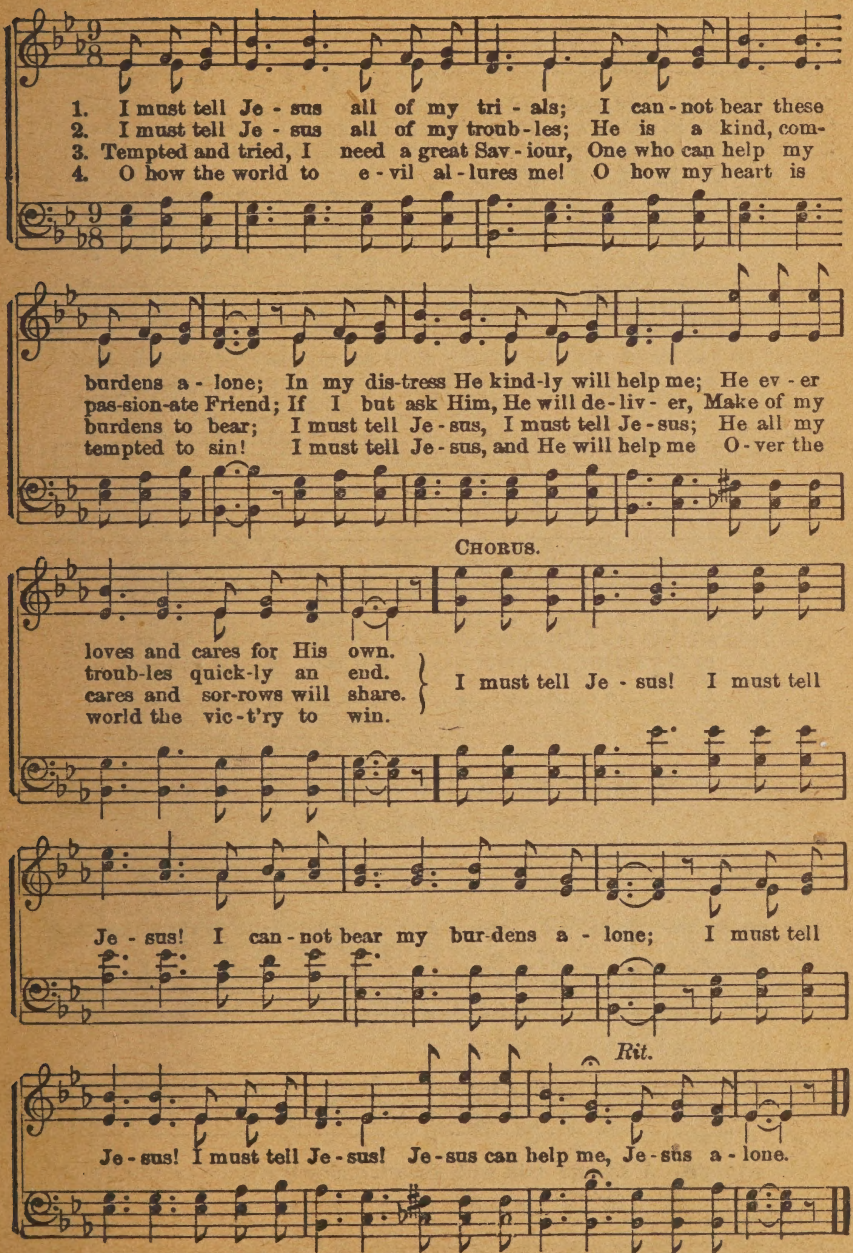
# I Must Tell Jesus.

E. A. H. Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman.


1. I must tell Je - sus all of my tri - als; I can - not bear these
2. I must tell Je - sus all of my troub - les; He is a kind, com-
3. Tempted and tried, I need a great Sav - iour, One who can help my
4. O how the world to e - vil al - lures me! O how my heart is
burdens a - lone; In my dis-tress He kind-ly will help me; He ev - er
pas-sion-ate Friend; If I but ask Him, He will de-liv - er, Make of my
burdens to bear; I must tell Je - sus, I must tell Je - sus; He all my
tempted to sin! I must tell Je - sus, and He will help me O - ver the
CHORUS.
loves and cares for His own.
troub-les quick-ly an end.
cares and sor-rows will share.
world the vic-t'ry to win.
I must tell Je - sus! I must tell
Je - sus! I can - not bear my bur-dens a - lone; I must tell
Rit.
Je - sus! I must tell Je - sus! Je - sus can help me, Je - sus a - lone.

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# A Little Talk With Jesus.

"And behold there talked with Him two men."—Luke 9: 30.

Anon. Arranged.

1. Tho' dark the night, and clouds look black And stormy o - ver-head, And
2. When those who once were dearest friends Be - gin to per - se - cute, And
3. And thus by fre-quent lit - tle talks I gain the vic - to - ry; And

trials of al - most ev - 'ry kind A - cross my path are spread; How
more who once pro-fessed to love, Have dis - tant grown, and mute, I
march a - long with cheer-ful song, En - joy - ing lib - er - ty; With

soon I con-quer all, As to the Lord I call, A lit - tle talk with
tell Him all my grief, He quick-ly sends re - lief, A lit - tle talk with
Je - sus as my Friend, I'll prove un - til the end, A lit - tle talk with

D.S.—*trials of ev - 'ry kind, Praise God, I al-ways find, A lit - tle talk with*

*Fine.* CHORUS.

Je - sus makes it right, all right. A lit - tle talk with Je-sus makes it

*Je - sus makes it right, all right.*

*D. S.*

right, all right, A lit - tle talk with Je - sus makes it right, all right; In

# 11 Make Me a Channel of Blessing.

H. G. S. H. G. Smyth.

1. Is your life a chan-nel of bless - ing? Is the love of God
2. Is your life a chan-nel of bless - ing? Are you bur-dened for
3. Is your life a chan-nel of bless - ing? Is it dai - ly
4. We can - not be chan-nels of bless - ing If our lives are not
flow-ing thro' you? Are you tell-ing the lost of the Sav-iour? Are you
those that are lost? Have you urged up-on those who are stray-ing, The
tell - ing for Him? Have you spo-ken the word of sal - va - tion To
free from all sin; We will bar - ri - ers be and a hin-drance To
Chorus.
read - y His serv-ice to do?
Sav-iour who died on the cross?
those who are dy-ing in sin?
those we are try-ing to win.
Make me a chan-nel of blessing to-day,
Make me a chan-nel of bless-ing, I pray; My life pos sess - ing,
Rit.
my serv - ice bless-ing, Make me a chan-nel of bless-ing to - day.

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# In a Little While We're Going Home.

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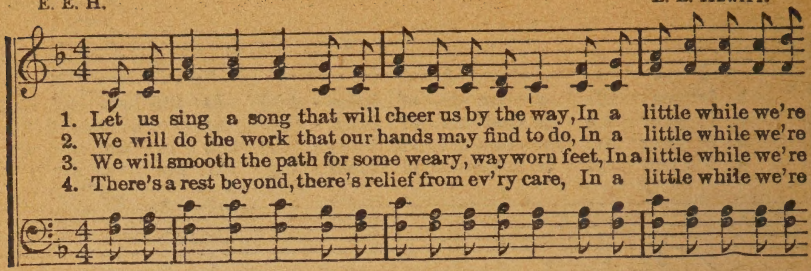
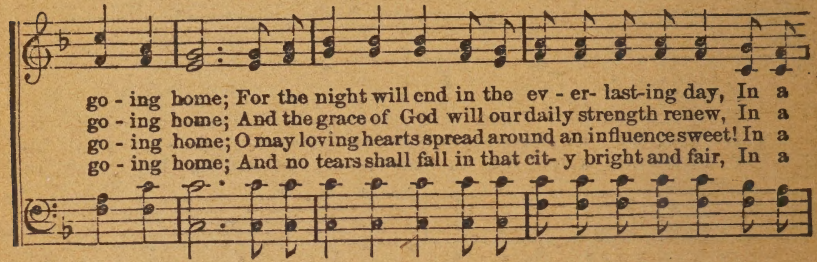
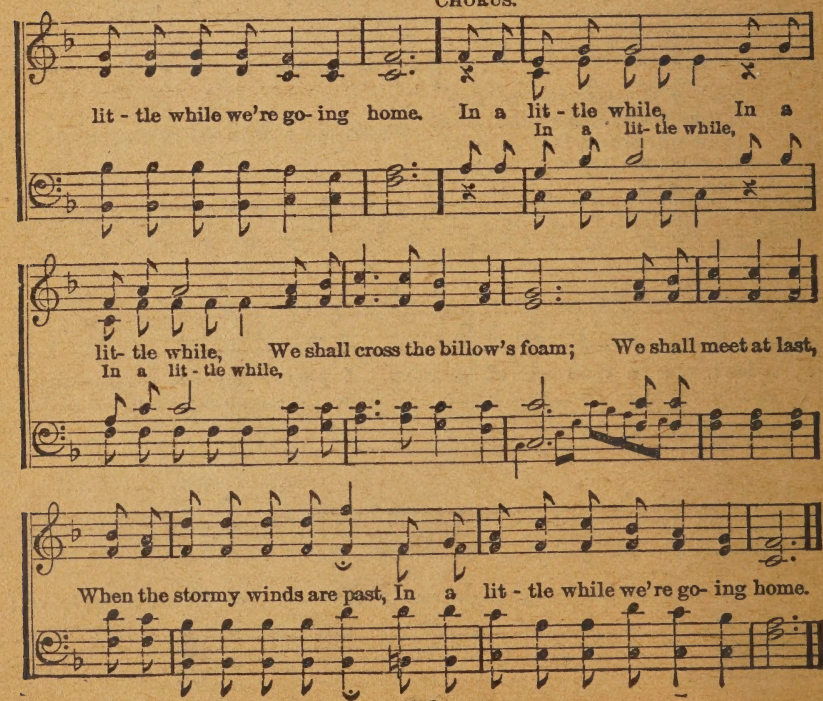
E. E. H. E. E. HEWITT.


1. Let us sing a song that will cheer us by the way, In a little while we're
2. We will do the work that our hands may find to do, In a little while we're
3. We will smooth the path for some weary, way worn feet, In a little while we're
4. There's a rest beyond, there's relief from ev'ry care, In a little while we're


go - ing home; For the night will end in the ev - er- last-ing day, In a
go - ing home; And the grace of God will our daily strength renew, In a
go - ing home; O may loving hearts spread around an influence sweet! In a
go - ing home; And no tears shall fall in that cit- y bright and fair, In a

CHORUS.


lit - tle while we're go- ing home. In a lit - tle while, In a
In a lit- tle while,
lit- tle while, We shall cross the billow's foam; We shall meet at last,
In a lit - tle while,
When the stormy winds are past, In a lit - tle while we're go- ing home.

# 13 I Surrender All.

J. W. Van De Venter. W. S. Weeden.

Duet.

1. All to Je-sus I sur-ren-der, All to Him I free-ly give;
2. All to Je-sus I sur-ren-der, Hum-bly at His feet I bow;
3. All to Je-sus I sur-ren-der, Make me, Sav-iour, whol-ly Thine;
4. All to Je-sus I sur-ren-der, Lord, I give my-self to Thee;
5. All to Je-sus I sur-ren-der, Now I feel the sa-cred flame;
I will ev-er love and trust Him, In His pres-ence dai-ly live.
World-ly pleas-ures all for-sak-en, Take me, Je-sus, take me now.
Let me feel the Ho-ly Spir-it, Tru-ly know that Thou art mine.
Fill me with Thy love and pow-er, Let Thy bless-ing fall on me.
O the joy of full sal-va-tion! Glo-ry, glo-ry to His name!
Chorus.
I sur-ren-der all, I sur-ren-der all;
I sur-ren-der all, I sur-ren-der all;
All to Thee, my bless-ed Sav-iour, I sur-ren-der all.

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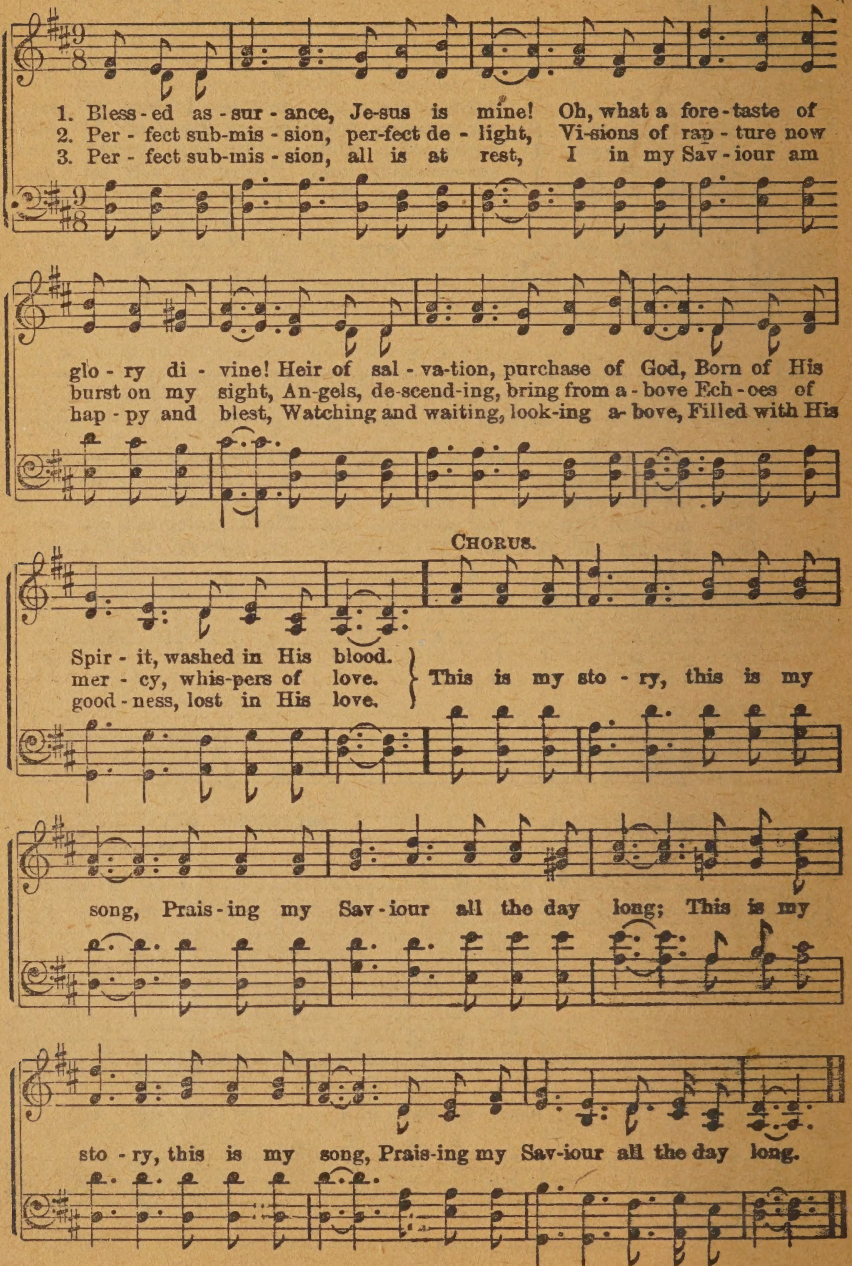
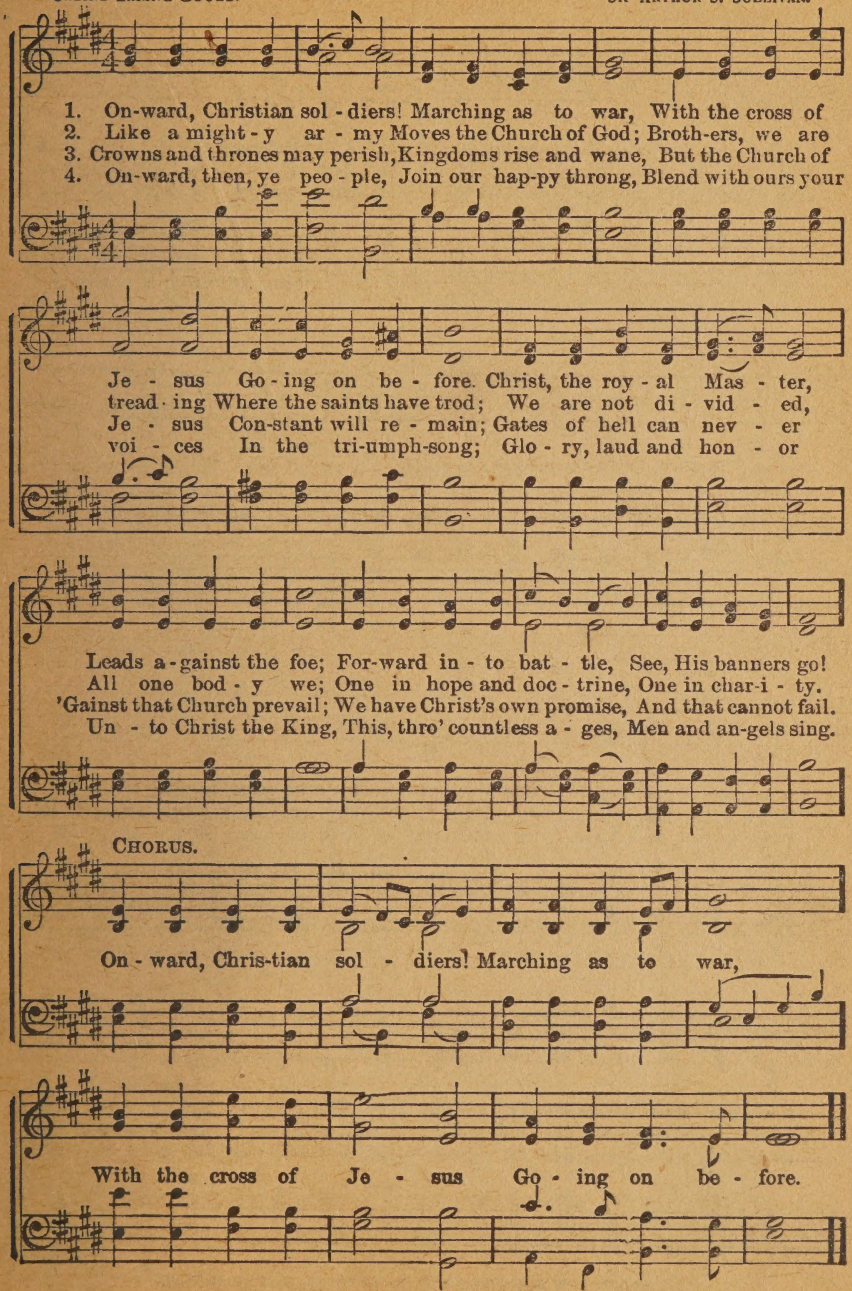
# Blessed Assurance.

FANNY J. CROSBY. MRS. JOSEPH F. KNAPP.


1. Bless - ed as - sur - ance, Je-sus is mine! Oh, what a fore - taste of
2. Per - fect sub-mis - sion, per-fect de - light, Vi-sions of rap - ture now
3. Per - fect sub-mis - sion, all is at rest, I in my Sav - iour am
glo - ry di - vine! Heir of sal - va-tion, purchase of God, Born of His
burst on my sight, An-gels, de-scend-ing, bring from a - bove Ech - oes of
hap - py and blest, Watching and waiting, look-ing a- bove, Filled with His
CHORUS.
Spir - it, washed in His blood.
mer - cy, whis-pers of love.
good - ness, lost in His love.
This is my sto - ry, this is my
song, Prais - ing my Sav - iour all the day long; This is my
sto - ry, this is my song, Prais-ing my Sav-iour all the day long.

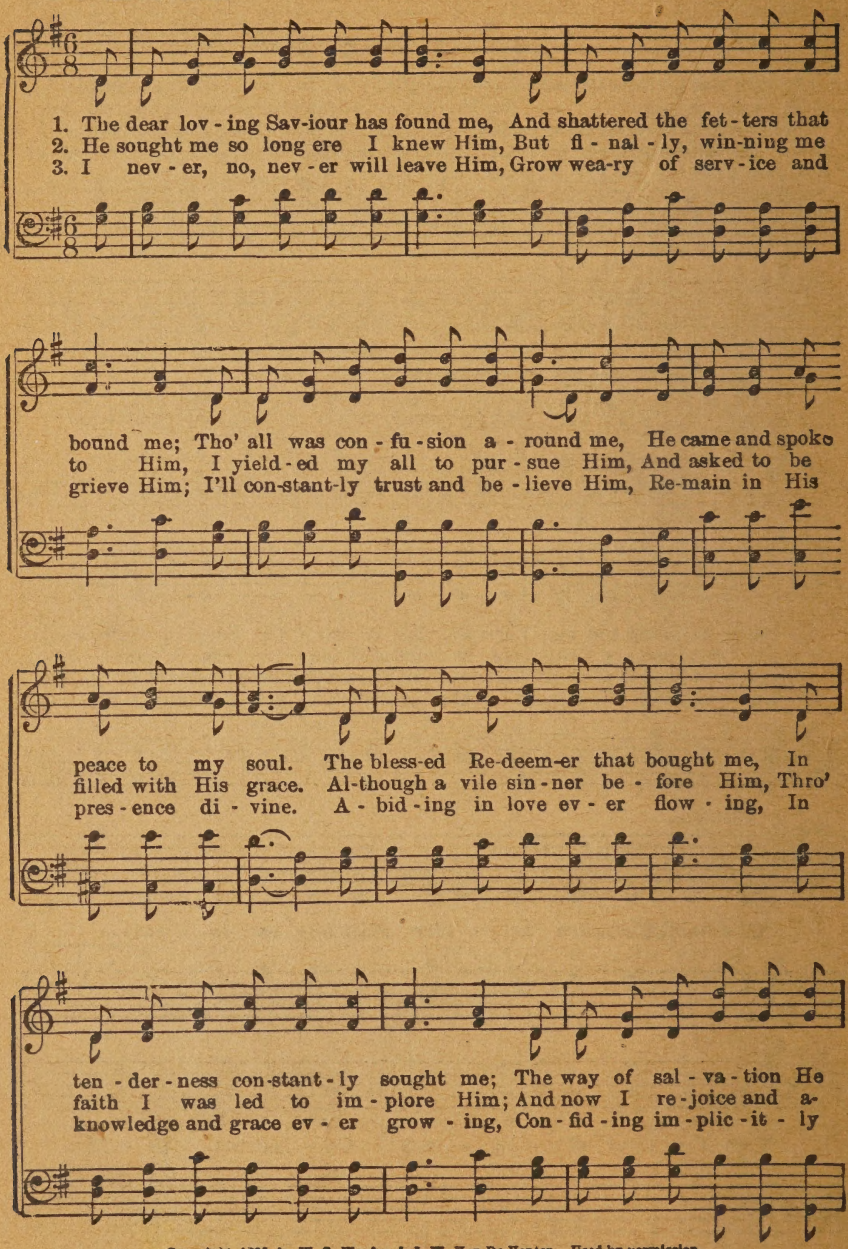
# Onward, Christian Soldiers!

SABINE BARING-GOULD. SIR ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.


1. On-ward, Christian sol - diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of
2. Like a might - y ar - my Moves the Church of God; Broth-ers, we are
3. Crowns and thrones may perish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the Church of
4. On-ward, then, ye peo - ple, Join our hap-py throng, Blend with ours your
Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore. Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter,
tread - ing Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed,
Je - sus Con-stant will re - main; Gates of hell can nev - er
voi - ces In the tri-umph-song; Glo - ry, laud and hon - or
Leads a - gainst the foe; For-ward in - to bat - tle, See, His banners go!
All one bod - y we; One in hope and doc - trine, One in char-i - ty.
'Gainst that Church prevail; We have Christ's own promise, And that cannot fail.
Un - to Christ the King, This, thro' countless a - ges, Men and an-gels sing.
CHORUS.
On - ward, Chris-tian sol - diers! Marching as to war,
With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore.

# He Saves Me.

J. W. Van De Venter. W. S. Weeden.


1. The dear lov - ing Sav-iour has found me, And shattered the fet - ters that
2. He sought me so long ere I knew Him, But fi - nal - ly, win-ning me
3. I nev - er, no, nev - er will leave Him, Grow wea-ry of serv - ice and
bound me; Tho' all was con - fu - sion a - round me, He came and spoke
to Him, I yield - ed my all to pur - sue Him, And asked to be
grieve Him; I'll con-stant-ly trust and be - lieve Him, Re-main in His
peace to my soul. The bless-ed Re-deem-er that bought me, In
filled with His grace. Al-though a vile sin - ner be - fore Him, Thro'
pres - ence di - vine. A - bid - ing in love ev - er flow - ing, In
ten - der - ness con-stant - ly sought me; The way of sal - va - tion He
faith I was led to im - plore Him; And now I re - joice and a-
knowledge and grace ev - er grow - ing, Con - fid - ing im - plic - it - ly

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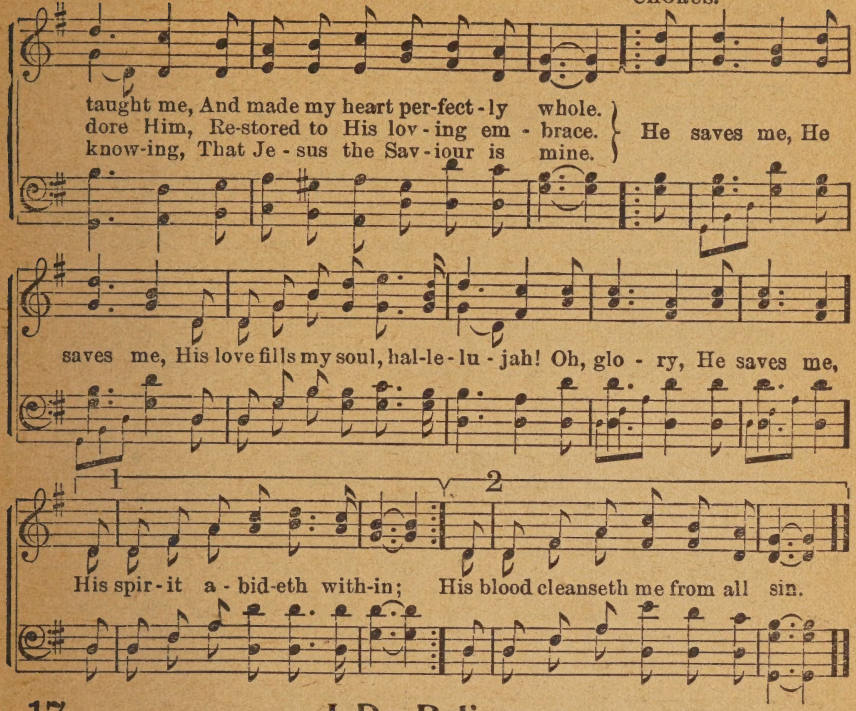
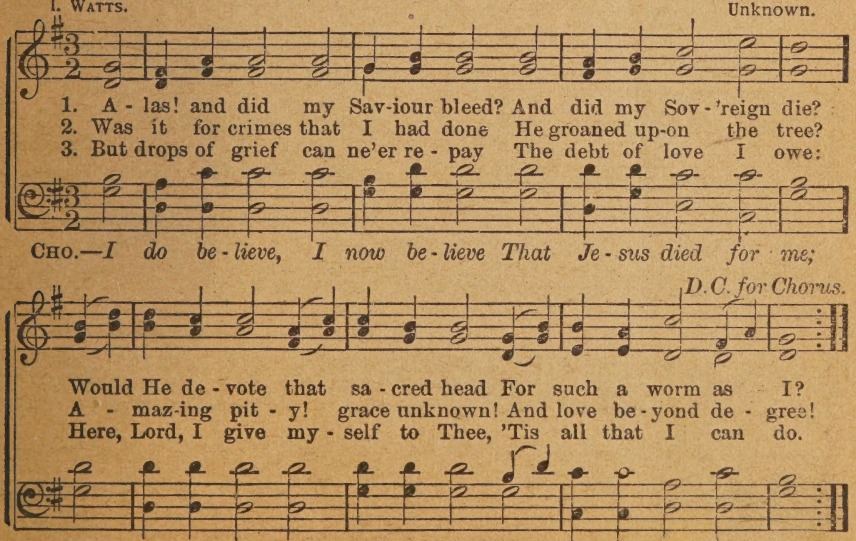
## He Saves Me—Concluded.

CHORUS.


taught me, And made my heart per-fect-ly whole.
dore Him, Re-stored to His lov-ing em-brace.
know-ing, That Je-sus the Sav-iour is mine.
He saves me, He
saves me, His love fills my soul, hal-le-lu-jah! Oh, glo-ry, He saves me,
1
2
His spir-it a-bid-eth with-in; His blood cleanseth me from all sin.

## 17 I Do Believe.

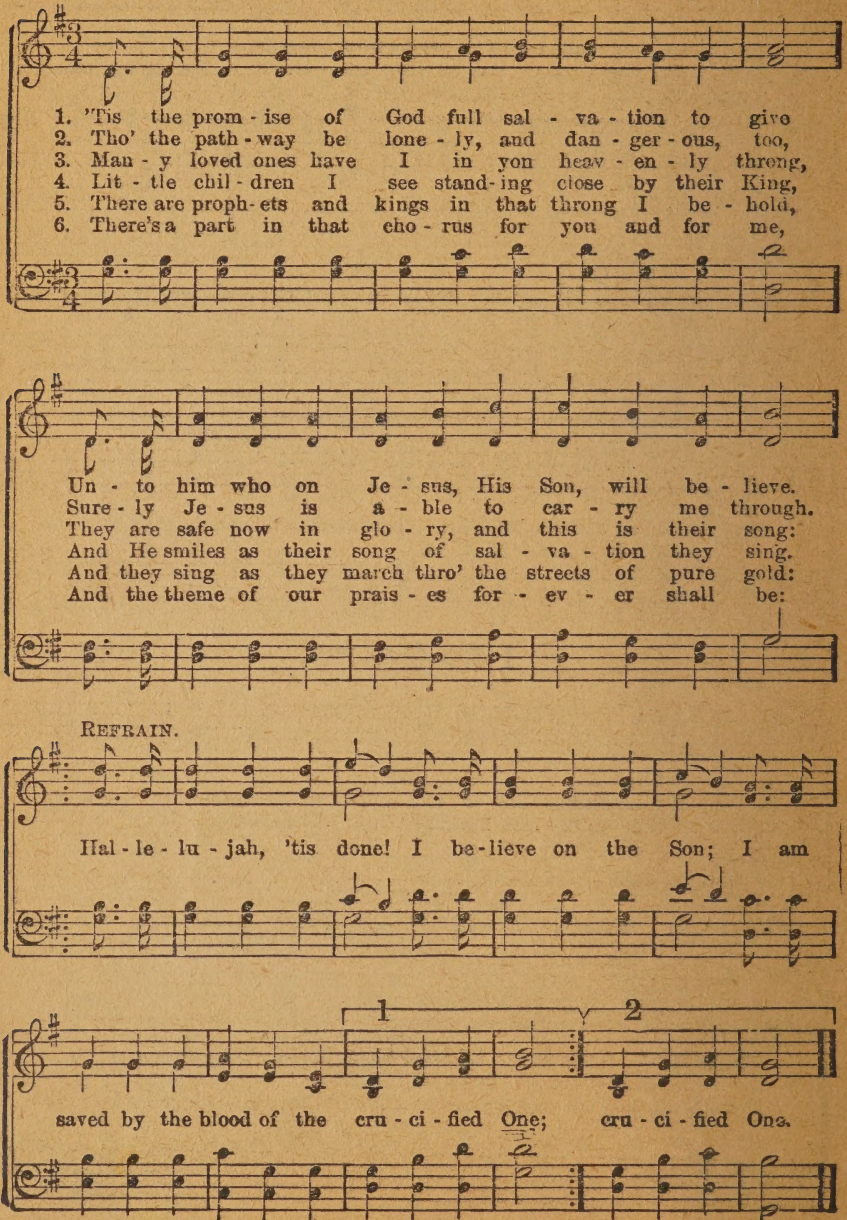
I. WATTS. Unknown.


1. A-las! and did my Sav-iour bleed? And did my Sov-'reign die?
2. Was it for crimes that I had done He groaned up-on the tree?
3. But drops of grief can ne'er re-pay The debt of love I owe:
CHO.—I do be-lieve, I now be-lieve That Je-sus died for me;
D.C. for Chorus.
Would He de-vote that sa-cred head For such a worm as I?
A-maz-ing pit-y! grace unknown! And love be-yond de-gree!
Here, Lord, I give my-self to Thee, 'Tis all that I can do.
And thro' His blood, His pre-cious blood, I shall from sin be free.

# Hallelujah, 'Tis Done!

"For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."—John 3: 16.

P. P. B. P. P. Bliss.


1. 'Tis the prom - ise of God full sal - va - tion to give
2. Tho' the path - way be lone - ly, and dan - ger - ous, too,
3. Man - y loved ones have I in yon heav - en - ly throng,
4. Lit - tle chil - dren I see stand - ing close by their King,
5. There are proph - ets and kings in that throng I be - hold,
6. There's a part in that cho - rus for you and for me,
Un - to him who on Je - sus, His Son, will be - lieve.
Sure - ly Je - sus is a - ble to car - ry me through.
They are safe now in glo - ry, and this is their song:
And He smiles as their song of sal - va - tion they sing.
And they sing as they march thro' the streets of pure gold:
And the theme of our prais - es for - ev - er shall be:
REFRAIN.
Hal - le - lu - jah, 'tis done! I be - lieve on the Son; I am
1
2
saved by the blood of the cru - ci - fied One; cru - ci - fied One.

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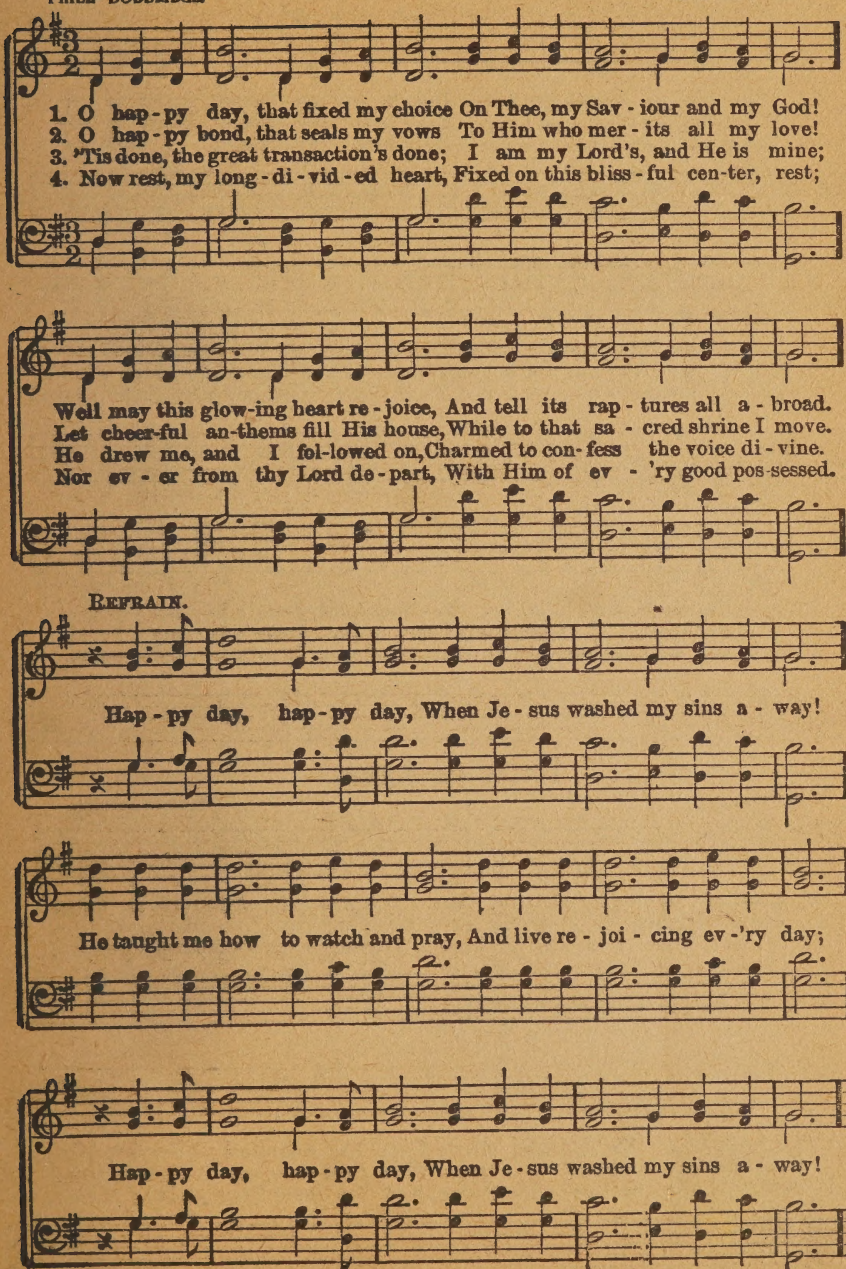
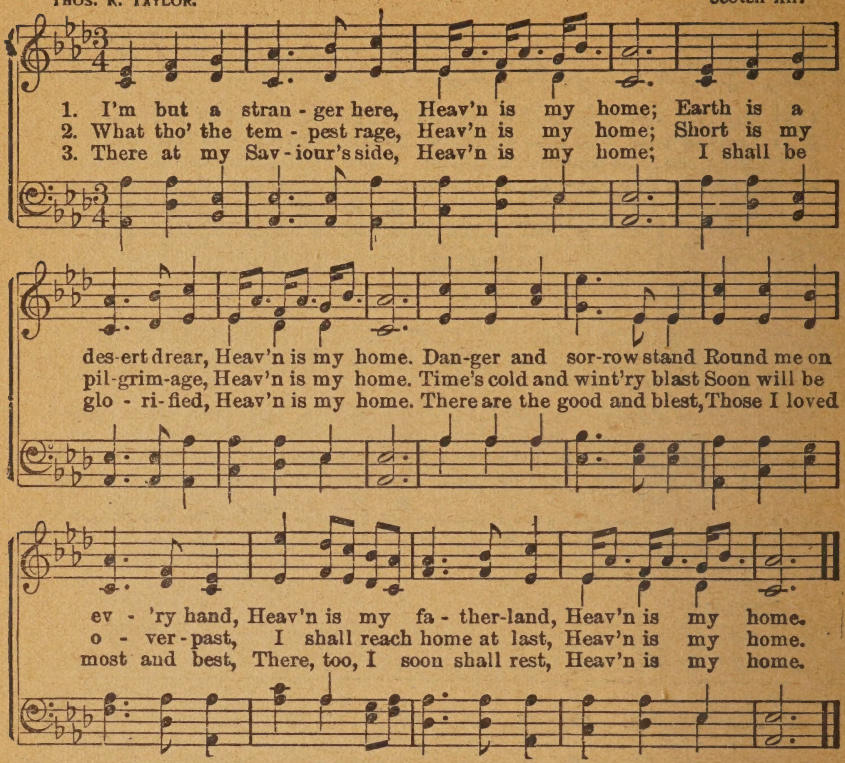
# O Happy Day!

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. RIMBAULT. Arr.


1. O hap-py day, that fixed my choice On Thee, my Sav-iour and my God!
2. O hap-py bond, that seals my vows To Him who mer-its all my love!
3. 'Tis done, the great transaction's done; I am my Lord's, and He is mine;
4. Now rest, my long-di-vid-ed heart, Fixed on this bliss-ful cen-ter, rest;
Well may this glow-ing heart re-joice, And tell its rap-tures all a-broad.
Let cheer-ful an-thems fill His house, While to that sa-cred shrine I move.
He drew me, and I fol-lowed on, Charmed to con-fess the voice di-vine.
Nor ev-er from thy Lord de-part, With Him of ev-'ry good pos-sessed.
REFRAIN.
Hap-py day, hap-py day, When Je-sus washed my sins a-way!
He taught me how to watch and pray, And live re-joi-cing ev-'ry day;
Hap-py day, hap-py day, When Je-sus washed my sins a-way!

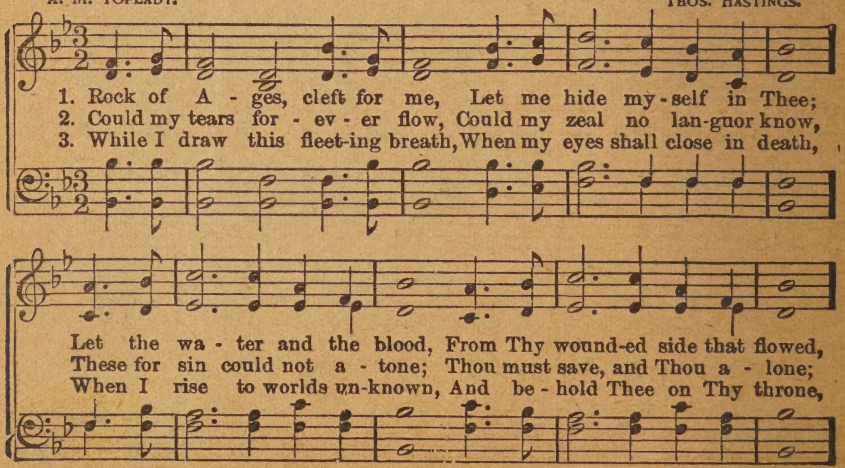
## 20 Heaven Is My Home.

THOS. R. TAYLOR. Scotch Air.


1. I'm but a stran - ger here, Heav'n is my home; Earth is a
2. What tho' the tem - pest rage, Heav'n is my home; Short is my
3. There at my Sav - iour's side, Heav'n is my home; I shall be
des-ert drear, Heav'n is my home. Dan-ger and sor-row stand Round me on
pil-grim-age, Heav'n is my home. Time's cold and wint'ry blast Soon will be
glo - ri-fied, Heav'n is my home. There are the good and blest, Those I loved
ev - 'ry hand, Heav'n is my fa - ther-land, Heav'n is my home.
o - ver-past, I shall reach home at last, Heav'n is my home.
most and best, There, too, I soon shall rest, Heav'n is my home.

## 21 Rock of Ages.

A. M. TOPLADY. THOS. HASTINGS.


1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee;
2. Could my tears for - ev - er flow, Could my zeal no lan-guor know,
3. While I draw this fleet-ing breath, When my eyes shall close in death,
Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy wound-ed side that flowed,
These for sin could not a - tone; Thou must save, and Thou a - lone;
When I rise to worlds un-known, And be - hold Thee on Thy throne,

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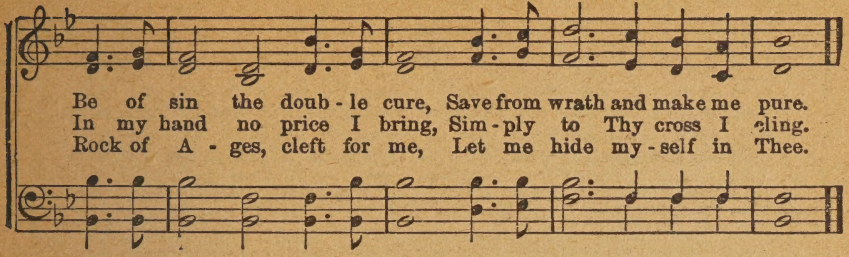

Be of sin the doub - le cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.
In my hand no price I bring, Sim - ply to Thy cross I cling.
Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee.

## 22 There Is a Fountain.

W. COWPER. LOWELL MASON.

1. There is a foun - tain filled with blood Drawn from Im-man-uel's veins;
2. The dy - ing thief re - joiced to see That foun-tain in his day;
3. Dear dy - ing Lamb! Thy pre-cious blood Shall nev - er lose its pow'r,
4. E'er since by faith I saw the stream Thy flow - ing wounds sup - ply,
5. Then in a no - bler, sweet - er song, I'll sing Thy pow'r to save,
Fine.
And sin-ners, plunged be-neath that flood, Lose all their guilt - y stains.
And there may I, tho' vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way.
Till all the ran - somed Church of God Are saved, to sin no more.
Re - deem - ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die.
When this poor, lisp - ing, stamm'ring tongue Lies si - lent in the grave.
D. S.
Lose all their guilt - y stains, Lose all their guilt - y stains;
Wash all my sins a - way, Wash all my sins a - way;
Are saved, to sin no more, Are saved, to sin no more;
And shall be till I die, And shall be till I die;
Lies si - lent in the grave, Lies si - lent in the grave;

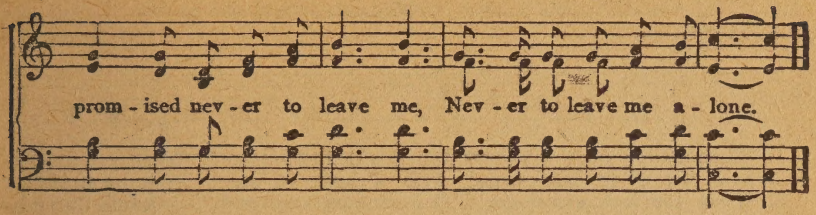
# Never Alone, or My Lord and I.

Arr. by L. O. BROWN.

*Effective as a Solo and Chorus.*

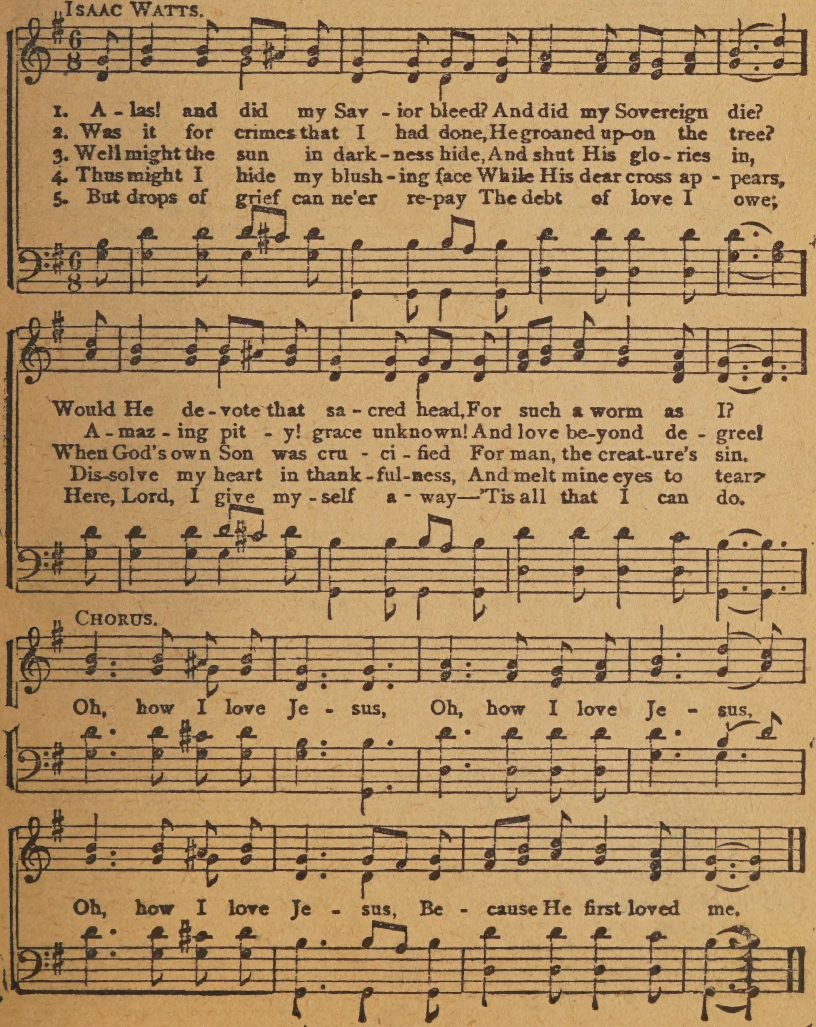
1. I have a Friend so pre - cious, So ver - y dear to me,
2. Sometimes I'm faint and wea - ry, He knows that I am weak,
3. I tell Him all my sor - rows, I tell Him all my joys,
4. He knows how I am long - ing Some pre-cious soul to win
He loves me with such ten - der love, Loves me so faith-ful - ly;
And as He bids me lean on Him, His help I glad - ly seek;
I tell Him all that pleas-es me, I tell Him what an - noys;
Back to the ways of right-eous-ness From wea - ry paths of sin;
I could not live a - part from Him, I long to feel Him nigh,
He leads me in the path of light, Be-neath a sun - ny sky,
He tells me what I ought to do, He tells me what to try,
He bids me tell His wondrous love And why He came to die,
And so we dwell to - geth - er, My pre-cious Lord and I.
And so we walk to - geth - er, My pre-cious Lord and I.
And so we talk to - geth - er, My pre-cious Lord and I.
And so we work to - geth - er, My pre-cious Lord and I.
CHORUS.
No, nev - er a - lone,..... no, nev - er a - lone! He

## Never Alone, or My Lord and I—Con.




## 24 Oh, How I Love Jesus.

ISAAC WATTS.


1. A - las! and did my Sav - ior bleed? And did my Sovereign die?
2. Was it for crimes that I had done, He groaned up-on the tree?
3. Well might the sun in dark - ness hide, And shut His glo - ries in,
4. Thus might I hide my blush - ing face While His dear cross ap - pears,
5. But drops of grief can ne'er re-pay The debt of love I owe;
Would He de - vote that sa - cred head, For such a worm as I?
A - maz - ing pit - y! grace unknown! And love be-yond de - gree!
When God's own Son was cru - ci - fied For man, the creat-ure's sin.
Dis-solve my heart in thank - ful-ness, And melt mine eyes to tears
Here, Lord, I give my - self a - way—'Tis all that I can do.
CHORUS.
Oh, how I love Je - sus, Oh, how I love Je - sus,
Oh, how I love Je - sus, Be - cause He first loved me.

# 25 Count Your Blessings.

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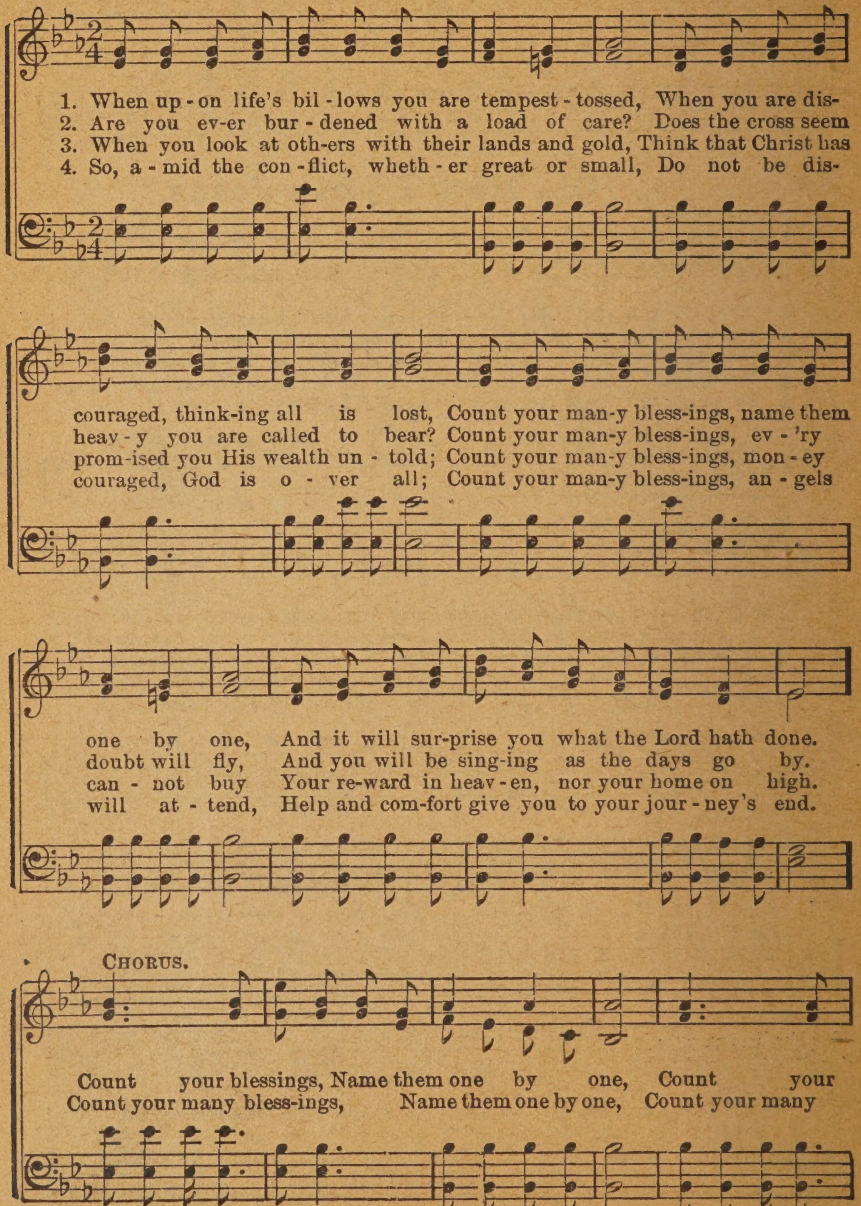
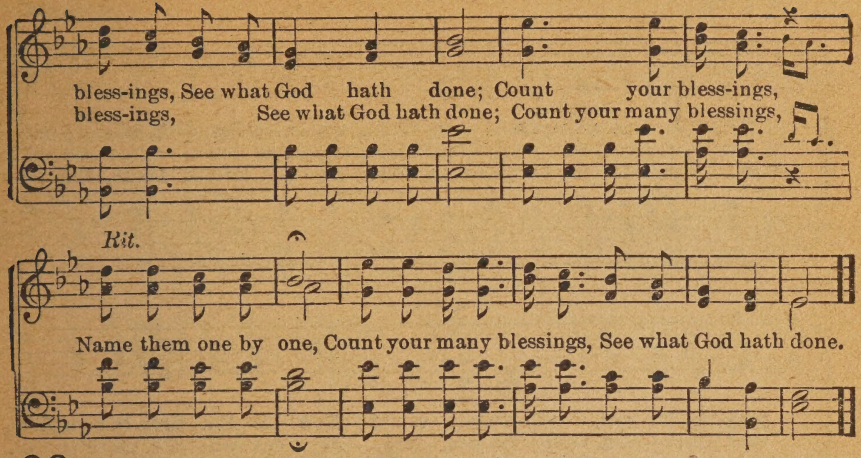
REV. J. OATMAN, Jr. E. O. EXCELL.


1. When up - on life's bil - lows you are tempest - tossed, When you are dis-
2. Are you ev-er bur - dened with a load of care? Does the cross seem
3. When you look at oth-ers with their lands and gold, Think that Christ has
4. So, a - mid the con - flict, wheth - er great or small, Do not be dis-
couraged, think-ing all is lost, Count your man-y bless-ings, name them
heav - y you are called to bear? Count your man-y bless-ings, ev - 'ry
prom-ised you His wealth un - told; Count your man-y bless-ings, mon - ey
couraged, God is o - ver all; Count your man-y bless-ings, an - gels
one by one, And it will sur-prise you what the Lord hath done.
doubt will fly, And you will be sing-ing as the days go by.
can - not buy Your re-ward in heav - en, nor your home on high.
will at - tend, Help and com-fort give you to your jour - ney's end.
CHORUS.
Count your blessings, Name them one by one, Count your
Count your many bless-ings, Name them one by one, Count your many


bless-ings, See what God hath done; Count your bless-ings,
bless-ings, See what God hath done; Count your many blessings,
Rit.
Name them one by one, Count your many blessings, See what God hath done.

## 26 All for Jesus.

MARY D. JAMES. Arranged.

1. All for Je-sus, all for Je - sus! All my be-ing's ransomed pow'rs:
2. Let my hands per-form His bid - ding, Let my feet run in His ways—
3. Since my eyes were fixed on Je - sus, I've lost sight of all be - side;
4. Oh, what won-der! how a - maz - ing! Je - sus, glo-rious King of kings—
All my tho'ts and words, and do - ings, All my days and all my hours.
Let my eyes see Je - sus on - ly, Let my lips speak forth His praise.
So en-chained my spir-it's vis - iou, Look-ing at the cru - ci - fied.
Deigns to call me His be - lov - ed, Lets me rest be-neath His wings.
1
2
All for Je-sus! all for Je - sus! All my days and all my hours; hours.
All for Je-sus! all for Je - sus! Let my lips speak forth His praise; praise.
All for Je-sus! all for Je - sus! Look-ing at the Cru-ci - fied; fied.
All for Je-sus! all for Je - sus! Resting now beneath His wings; wings.

## 27 While Jesus Whispers to You.

W. E. WITTER. H. R. PALMER.

1. While Je - sus whis-pers to you, Come, sin - ner, come! While we are
2. Are you too heav - y - la - den? Come, sin - ner, come! Je - sus will
3. O hear His ten - der pleading, Come, sin - ner, come! Come, and re -
pray-ing for you, Come, sin-ner, come! Now is the time to own Him,
bear your burden, Come, sin-ner, come! Je - sus will not de-ceive you,
ceive the blessing, Come, sin-ner, come! While Je - sus whis-pers to you,
Come, sin-ner, come! Now is the time to know Him, Come, sin-ner, come!
Come, sin-ner, come! Je - sus can now re-deem you, Come, sin-ner, come!
Come, sin-ner, come! While we are pray-ing for you, Come, sin-ner, come!

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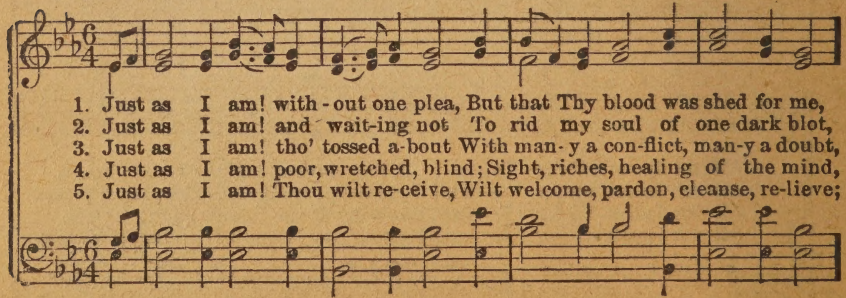
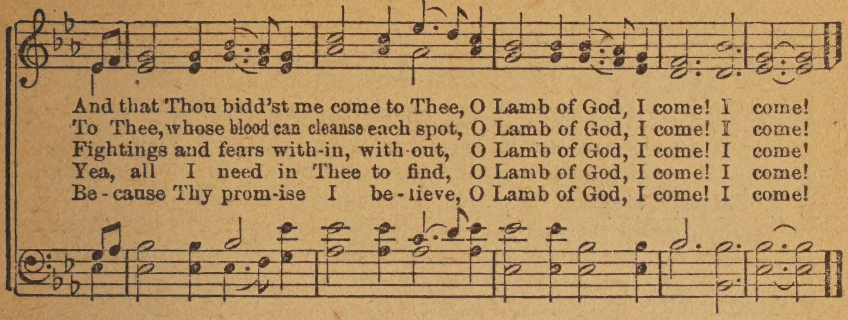
## 28 Just as I Am.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. WM. B. BRADBURY.


1. Just as I am! with - out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am! and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
3. Just as I am! tho' tossed a-bout With man - y a con-flict, man-y a doubt,
4. Just as I am! poor, wretched, blind; Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
5. Just as I am! Thou wilt re-ceive, Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, re-lieve;

## Just as I Am—Concluded.


And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
Fightings and fears with-in, with-out, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
Yea, all I need in Thee to find, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
Be-cause Thy prom-ise I be-lieve, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

## 29 Glory to His Name!

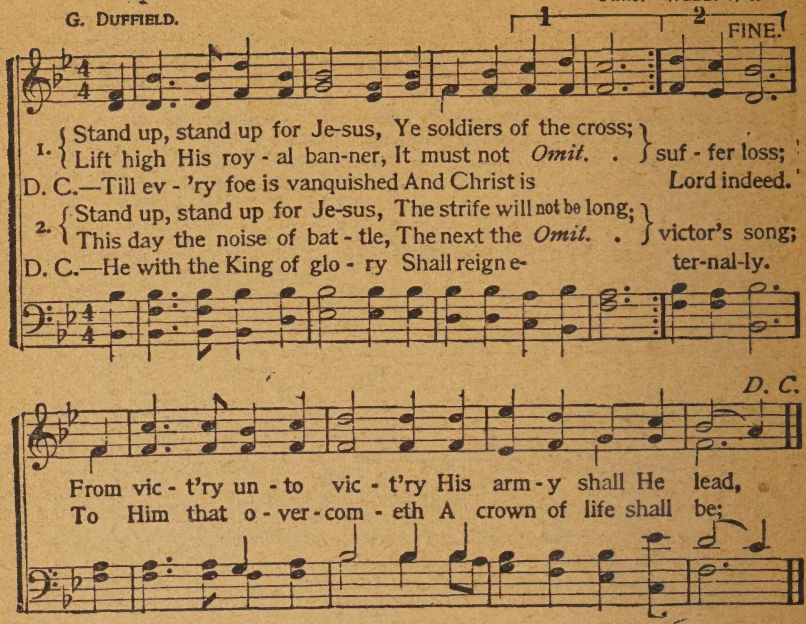
Rev. E. A. Hoffman. Rev. J. H. Stockton.

1. Down at the cross where my Sav-iour died, Down where for cleansing from
2. I am so won-drous-ly saved from sin, Je - sus so sweet-ly a-
3. O pre-cious foun-tain that saves from sin, I am so glad I have
4. Come to this foun-tain so rich and sweet, Cast thy poor soul at the
Fine.
sin I cried; There to my heart was the blood ap-plied; Glo-ry to His name!
sides with-in; There at the cross where He took me in; Glo-ry to His name!
en-tered in; There Je-sus saves me and keeps me clean; Glo-ry to His name!
Saviour's feet; Plunge in to-day, and be made complete; Glo-ry to His name!
D. S.—There to my heart was the blood ap-plied; Glo-ry to His name!
Chorus.
D. S.
Glo - ry to His name,.... Glo - ry to His name;....

## 30 Stand Up for Jesus.

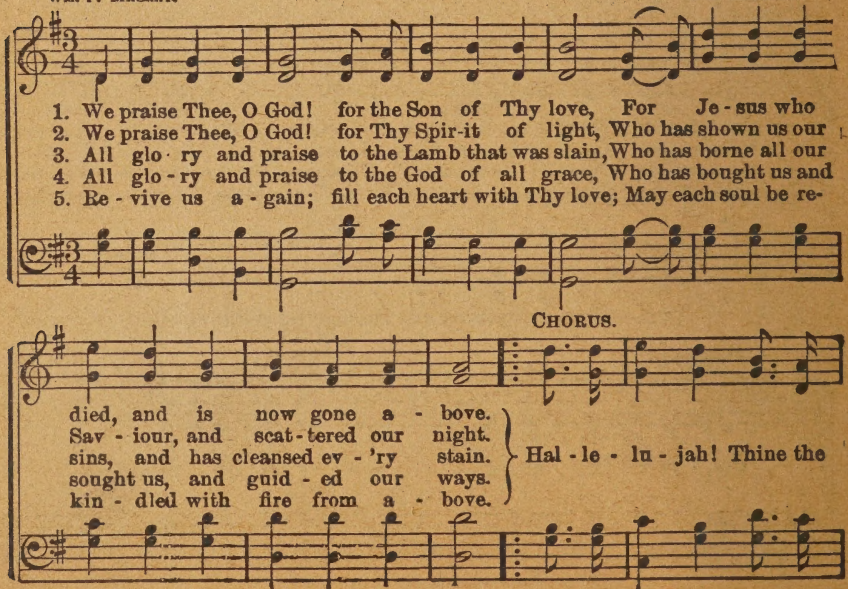
*Tune:*—WEBB. 7. 6.

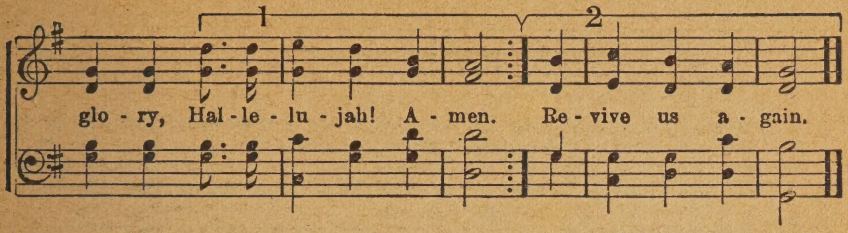
G. DUFFIELD.


1
2
FINE.
1. Stand up, stand up for Je-sus, Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high His roy - al ban-ner, It must not *Omit.* .
suf - fer loss;
D. C.—Till ev - 'ry foe is vanquished And Christ is Lord indeed.
2. Stand up, stand up for Je-sus, The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of bat - tle, The next the *Omit.* .
victor's song;
D. C.—He with the King of glo - ry Shall reign e- ter-nal-ly.
D. C.
From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His arm - y shall He lead,
To Him that o - ver - com - eth A crown of life shall be;

## 31 Revive Us Again.

WM. P. MACKAY. J. J. HUSBAND.


1. We praise Thee, O God! for the Son of Thy love, For Je - sus who
2. We praise Thee, O God! for Thy Spir-it of light, Who has shown us our
3. All glo - ry and praise to the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our
4. All glo - ry and praise to the God of all grace, Who has bought us and
5. Re - vive us a - gain; fill each heart with Thy love; May each soul be re-
CHORUS.
died, and is now gone a - bove.
Sav - iour, and scat - tered our night.
sins, and has cleansed ev - 'ry stain.
sought us, and guid - ed our ways.
kin - dled with fire from a - bove.
Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the



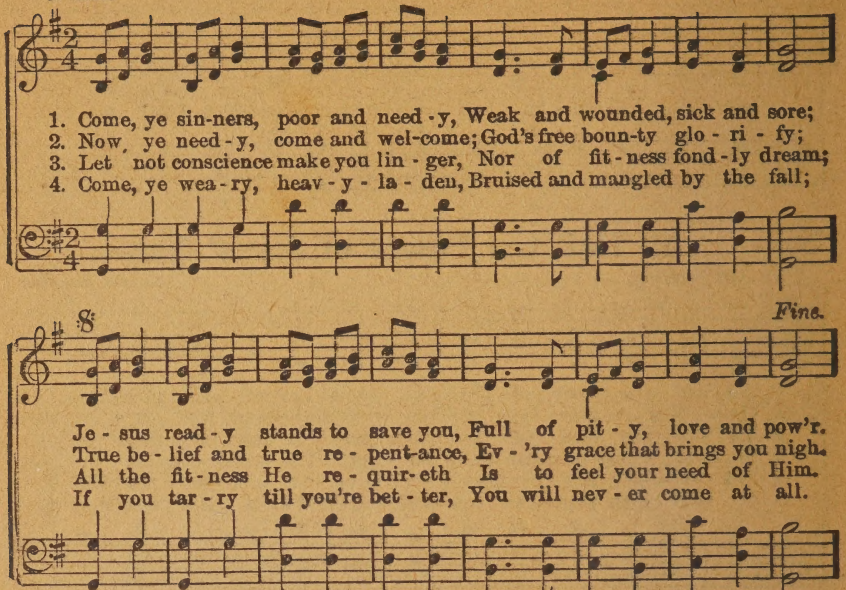

## 32 All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

EDWARD PERRONET. OLIVER HOLDEN.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros - trate fall;
2. Crown Him, ye mar - tyrs of our God, Who from His al - tar call;
3. Ye cho - sen seed of Is - rael's race, Ye ran-somed from the fall,
4. Sin - ners, whose love can ne'er for - get The wormwood and the gall,
5. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res - trial ball,
6. O that with yon - der sa - cred throng We at His feet may fall;
Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all;
Ex - tol the stem of Jes - se's rod, And crown Him Lord of all;
Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all;
Go, spread your tro-phies at His feet, And crown Him Lord of all;
To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, And crown Him Lord of all;
We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all;
Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.
Ex - tol the stem of Jes - se's rod, And crown Him Lord of all.
Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all.
Go, spread your tro-phies at His feet, And crown Him Lord of all.
To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, And crown Him Lord of all.
We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all.

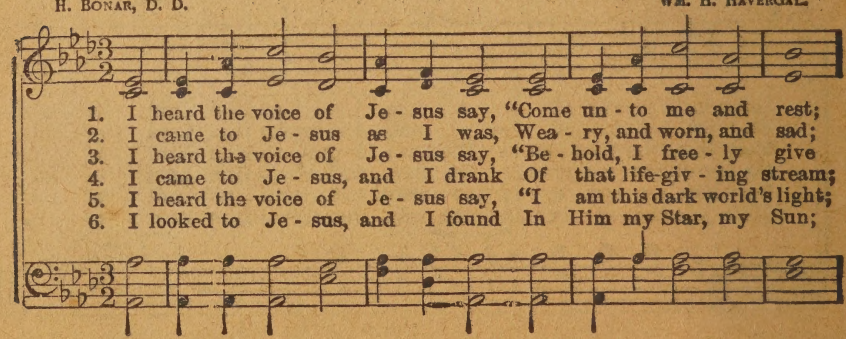
## 33 Come, Ye Sinners.

J. HART. J. INGALLS.

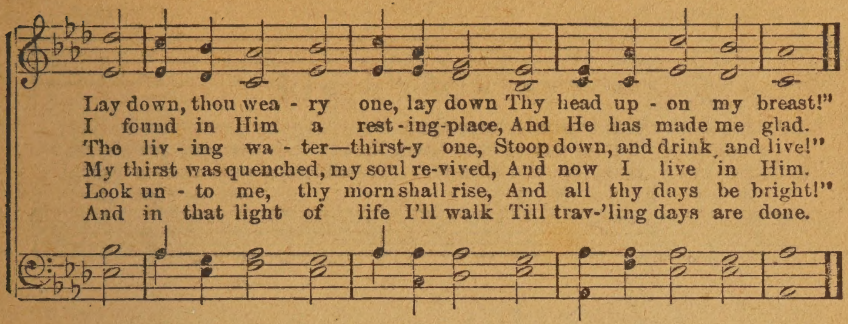

1. Come, ye sin-ners, poor and need-y, Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
2. Now, ye need-y, come and wel-come; God's free boun-ty glo-ri-fy;
3. Let not conscience make you lin-ger, Nor of fit-ness fond-ly dream;
4. Come, ye wea-ry, heav-y-la-den, Bruised and mangled by the fall;
Fine.
Je-sus read-y stands to save you, Full of pit-y, love and pow'r.
True be-lief and true re-pent-ance, Ev-'ry grace that brings you nigh.
All the fit-ness He re-quir-eth Is to feel your need of Him.
If you tar-ry till you're bet-ter, You will nev-er come at all.
D. S.—Glo-ry, hon-or, and sal-va-tion, Christ the Lord is come to reign.
CHORUS.
D. S.
Turn to the Lord and seek sal-va-tion, Sound the praise of His dear name;

## 34 I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say.

H. BONAR, D. D. WM. H. HAVERGAL.


1. I heard the voice of Je-sus say, "Come un-to me and rest;
2. I came to Je-sus as I was, Wea-ry, and worn, and sad;
3. I heard the voice of Je-sus say, "Be-hold, I free-ly give
4. I came to Je-sus, and I drank Of that life-giv-ing stream;
5. I heard the voice of Je-sus say, "I am this dark world's light;
6. I looked to Je-sus, and I found In Him my Star, my Sun;

## I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say—Concluded.


Lay down, thou wea - ry one, lay down Thy head up - on my breast!"
I found in Him a rest - ing-place, And He has made me glad.
The liv - ing wa - ter—thirst-y one, Stoop down, and drink, and live!"
My thirst was quenched, my soul re-vived, And now I live in Him.
Look un - to me, thy morn shall rise, And all thy days be bright!"
And in that light of life I'll walk Till trav-'ling days are done.

## 35 Lord, I'm Coming Home.

W. J. K. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

*With great feeling.*

1. I've wan-dered far a - way from God, Now I'm com-ing home;
2. I've wast - ed man - y pre - cious years, Now I'm com-ing home;
3. I've tired of sin and stray - ing, Lord, Now I'm com-ing home;
4. My soul is sick, my heart is sore, Now I'm com-ing home;
5. My on - ly hope, my on - ly plea, Now I'm com-ing home,
6. I need His cleans-ing blood I know, Now I'm com-ing home;
The paths of sin too long I've trod; Lord, I'm com-ing home.
I now re-pent with bit - ter tears; Lord, I'm com-ing home.
I'll trust Thy love, be - lieve Thy word; Lord, I'm com-ing home.
My strength re-new, my hope re - store; Lord, I'm com-ing home.
That Je - sus died, and died for me; Lord, I'm com-ing home.
O wash me whit - er than the snow; Lord, I'm com-ing home.
Fine.
D. S.—O - pen wide Thine arms of love; Lord, I'm com-ing home.

CHORUS. *D. S.*

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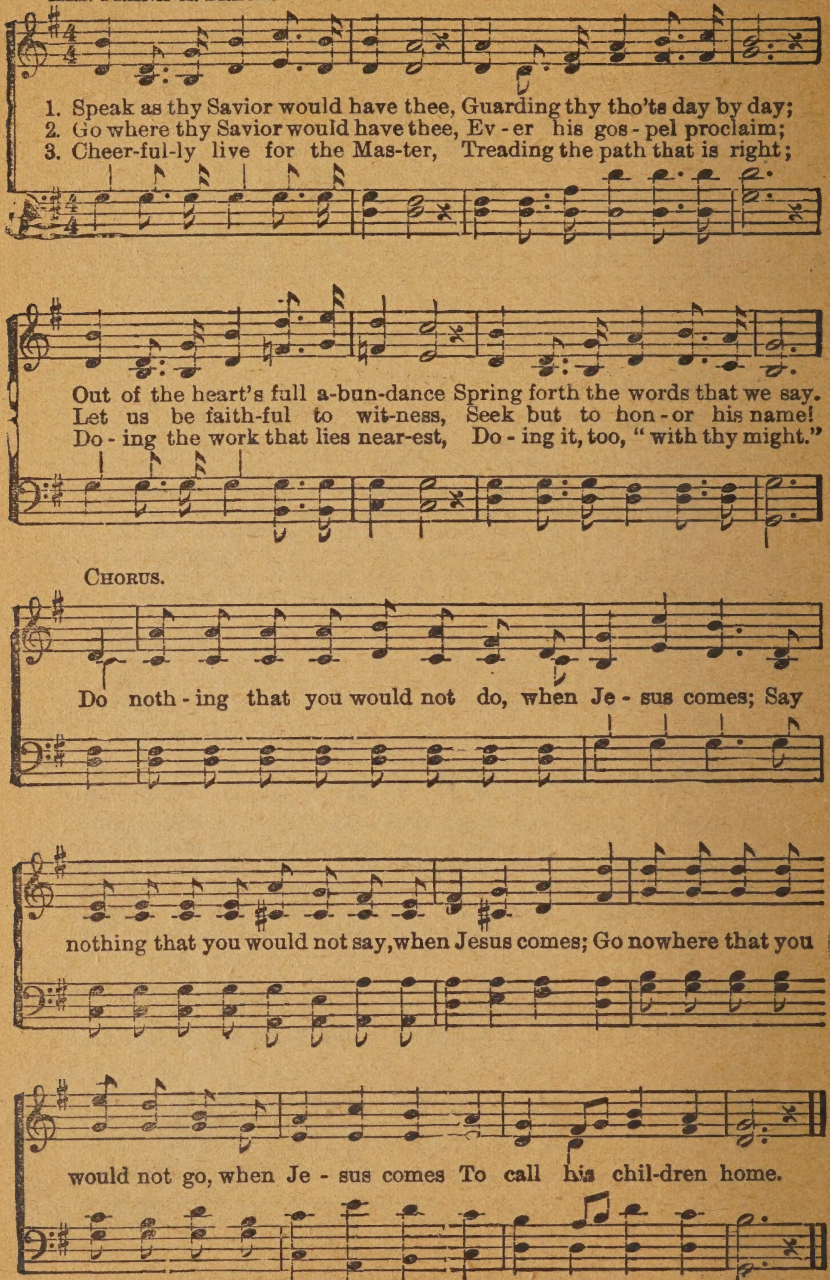
# 36 Live as Jesus Would Have You.

MRS. FRANK A. BRECK. J. S. FEARIS.


1. Speak as thy Savior would have thee, Guarding thy tho'ts day by day;
2. Go where thy Savior would have thee, Ev - er his gos - pel proclaim;
3. Cheer-ful-ly live for the Mas-ter, Treading the path that is right;
Out of the heart's full a-bun-dance Spring forth the words that we say.
Let us be faith-ful to wit-ness, Seek but to hon - or his name!
Do - ing the work that lies near-est, Do - ing it, too, "with thy might."
CHORUS.
Do noth - ing that you would not do, when Je - sus comes; Say
nothing that you would not say, when Jesus comes; Go nowhere that you
would not go, when Je - sus comes To call his chil-dren home.

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# Almost Persuaded.

"Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian."—Acts 26: 28.

P. P. B. P. P. Bliss.

1. "Al - most per - suad - ed" Now to be - lieve;
2. "Al - most per - saud - ed," Come, come to - day;
3. "Al - most per - suad - ed," Har - vest is past!
"Al - most per - suad - ed" Christ to re - ceive;
"Al - most per - suad - ed," Turn not a - way;
"Al - most per - suad - ed," Doom comes at last!
Seems now some soul to say, "Go, Spir - it, go Thy way,
Je - sus in - vites you here, An - gels are ling-'ring near,
"Al - most," can not a - vail; "Al - most," is but to fail!
Some more con - ve - nient day On Thee I'll call."
Pray'rs rise from hearts so dear: O wan - d'rer, come.
Sad, sad, that bit - ter wail— "Al - most—*but lost!*"

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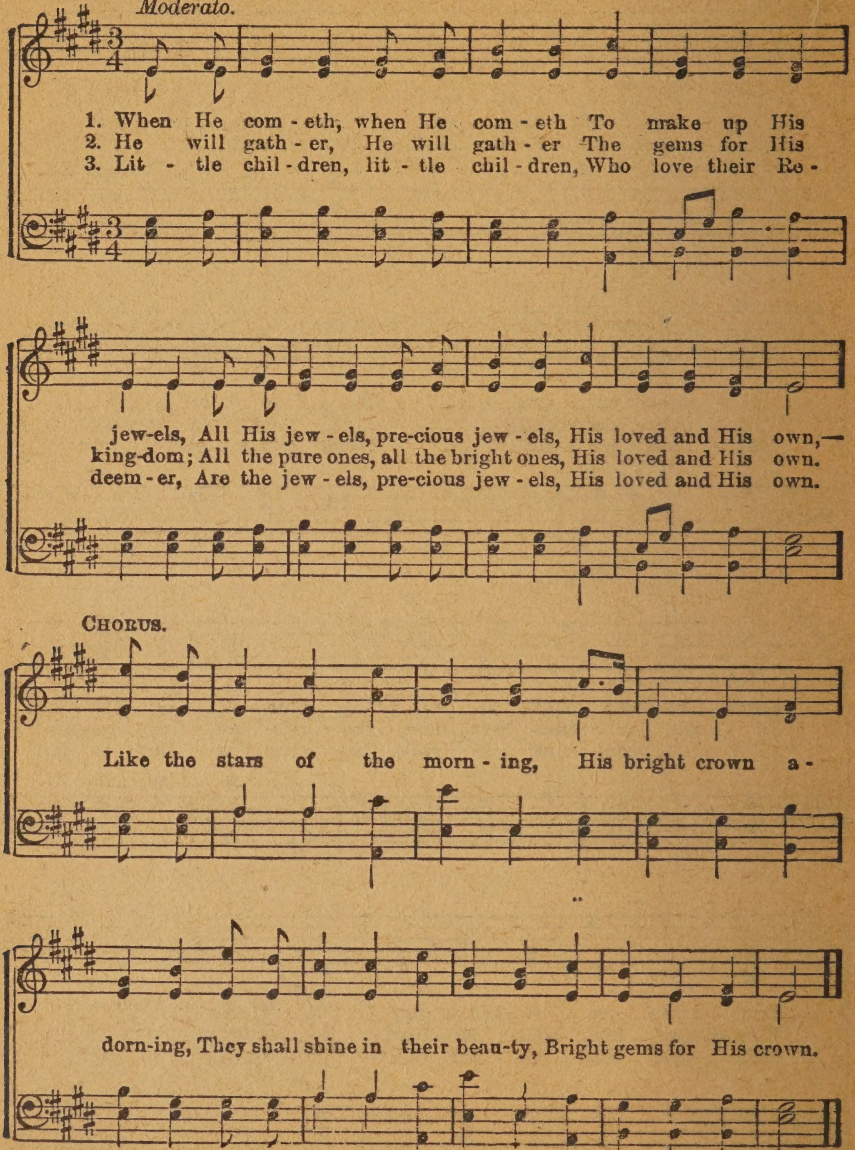
# Jewels.

"And they shall be mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels."—MALACHI 3: 17.

Rev. W. O. CUSHING. GEO. F. ROOT.

*Moderato.*


1. When He com - eth, when He com - eth To make up His jew-els, All His jew - els, pre-cious jew - els, His loved and His own,—
2. He will gath - er, He will gath - er The gems for His king-dom; All the pure ones, all the bright ones, His loved and His own.
3. Lit - tle chil - dren, lit - tle chil - dren, Who love their Re - deem - er, Are the jew - els, pre-cious jew - els, His loved and His own.
CHORUS.
Like the stars of the morn - ing, His bright crown a - dorn-ing, They shall shine in their beau-ty, Bright gems for His crown.

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# 39 Saved Through Jesus' Blood.

J. W. V. J. W. Van De Venter.

1. Some-time we'll stand be-fore the judg-ment bar, The quick, the
2. I'll then re-ceive a bright and star-ry crown, As on-ly
3. Then we shall meet to nev-er part a-gain; Our toil will
ris-en dead; The Lord will then make known the rec-ord there;
God can give; And when I've been with Him ten thous-and years,
then be o'er; We'll lay our bur-dens down at Je-sus' feet,
Chorus.
Our names will all be read.
I'll have no less to live.
And rest for-ev-er-more.
I'll be pres-ent when the
roll is called, Pure and spot-less thro' the crim-son flood;
I will answer when they call my name: Saved thro' Je-sus' blood.

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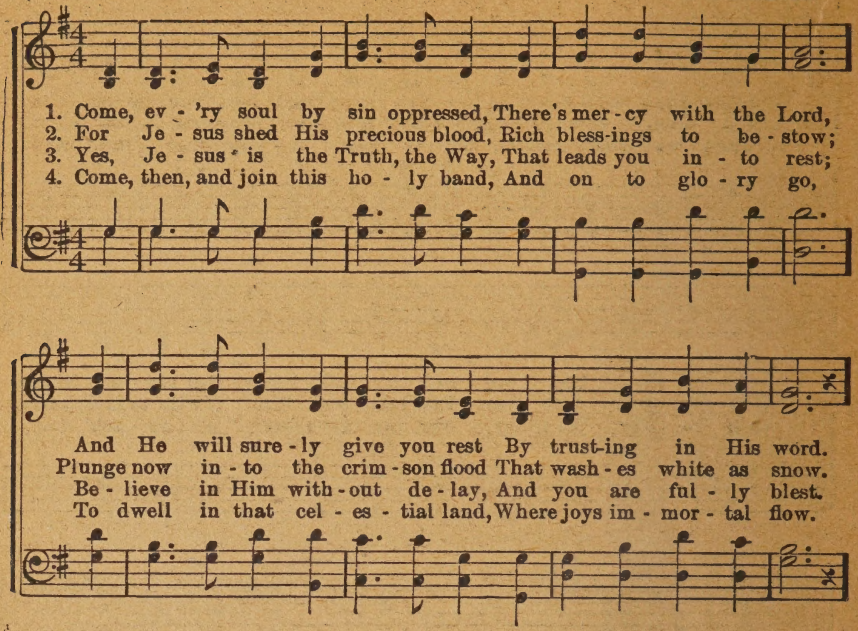
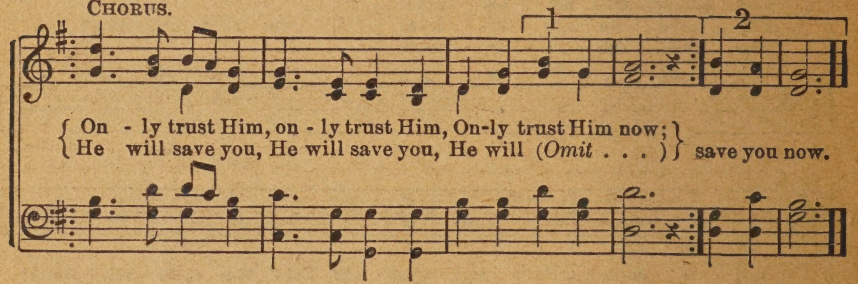
## 40 Only Trust Him.

J. H. S. J. H. STOCKTON.

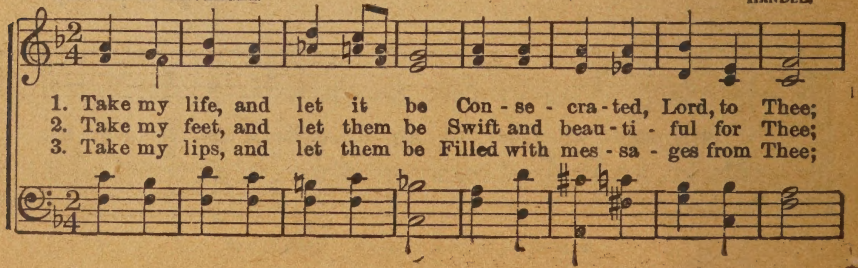

1. Come, ev - 'ry soul by sin oppressed, There's mer - cy with the Lord,
2. For Je - sus shed His precious blood, Rich bless-ings to be - stow;
3. Yes, Je - sus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you in - to rest;
4. Come, then, and join this ho - ly band, And on to glo - ry go,
And He will sure - ly give you rest By trust-ing in His word.
Plunge now in - to the crim - son flood That wash - es white as snow.
Be - lieve in Him with - out de - lay, And you are ful - ly blest.
To dwell in that cel - es - tial land, Where joys im - mor - tal flow.

CHORUS.




## 41 Take My Life, and Let it Be.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. HANDEL.

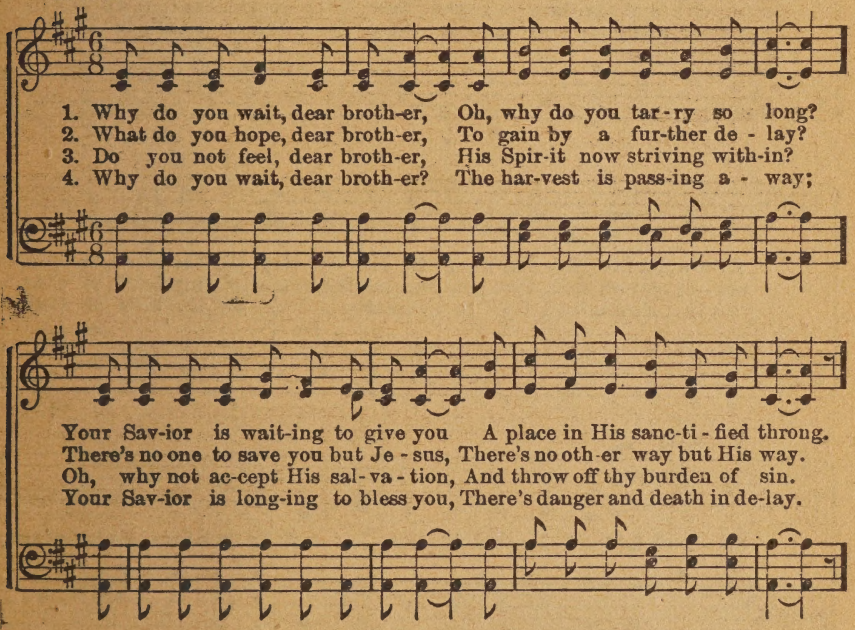

1. Take my life, and let it be Con - se - cra - ted, Lord, to Thee;
2. Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beau - ti - ful for Thee;
3. Take my lips, and let them be Filled with mes - sa - ges from Thee;

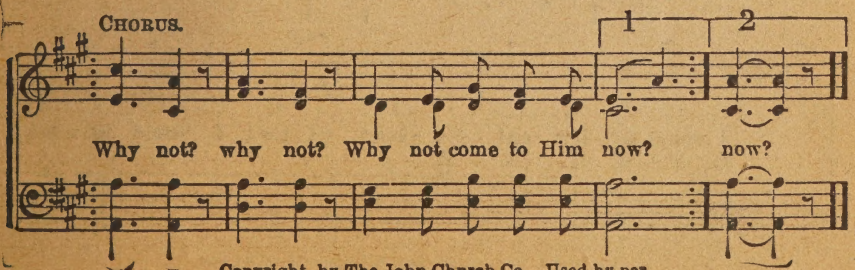
## Take My Life, and Let it Be—Concluded.

Take my hands, and let them move At the im - pulse of Thy love.
Take my voice, and let me sing, Al - ways, on - ly, for my King.
Take my sil - ver and my gold, Not a mite would I with-hold.

## 42 Why Do You Wait?

G. F. R. Geo. F. Root.


1. Why do you wait, dear broth-er, Oh, why do you tar - ry so long?
2. What do you hope, dear broth-er, To gain by a fur-ther de - lay?
3. Do you not feel, dear broth-er, His Spir-it now striving with-in?
4. Why do you wait, dear broth-er? The har-vest is pass-ing a - way;
Your Sav-ior is wait-ing to give you A place in His sanc-ti - fied throng.
There's no one to save you but Je - sus, There's no oth-er way but His way.
Oh, why not ac-cept His sal-va - tion, And throw off thy burden of sin.
Your Sav-ior is long-ing to bless you, There's danger and death in de-lay.

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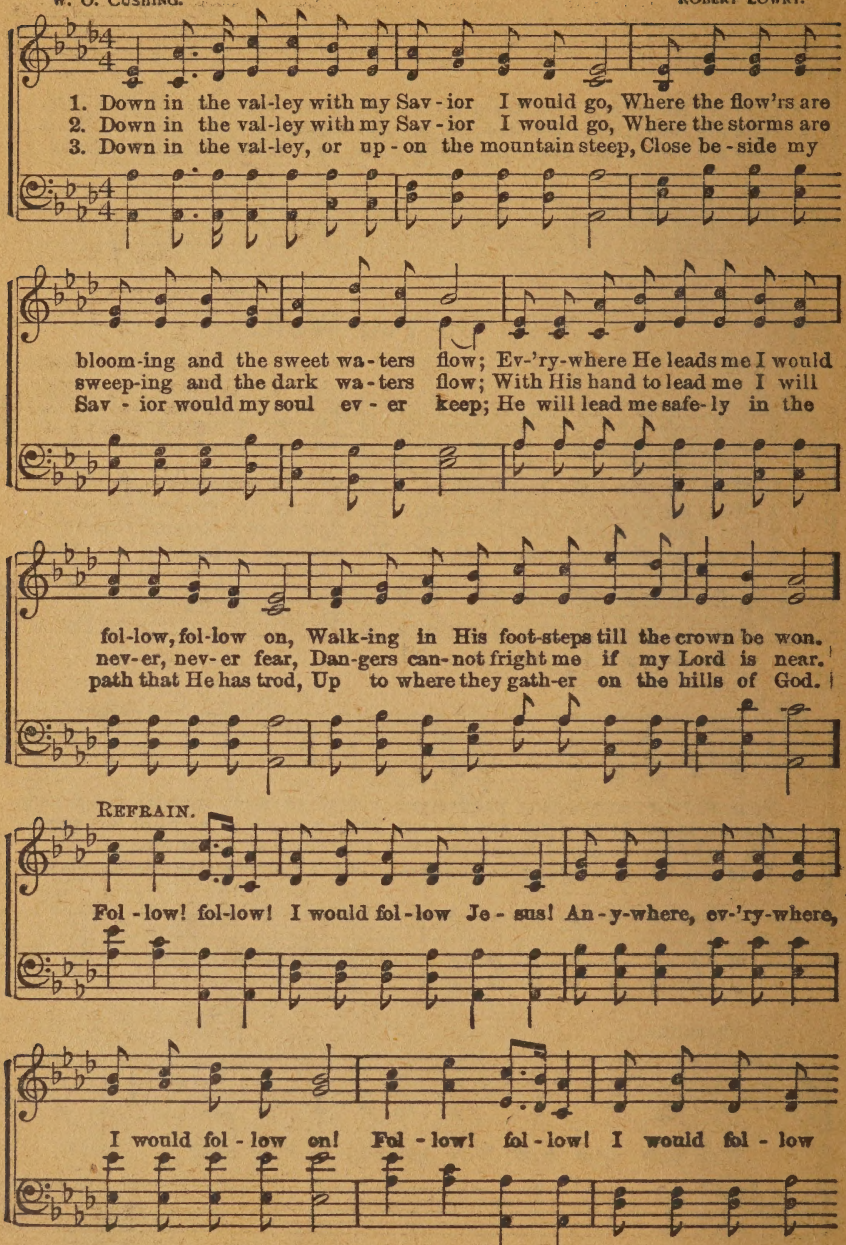
# Follow On!

W. O. CUSHING. ROBERT LOWRY.


1. Down in the val-ley with my Sav-ior I would go, Where the flow'rs are bloom-ing and the sweet wa-ters flow; Ev-'ry-where He leads me I would fol-low, fol-low on, Walk-ing in His foot-steps till the crown be won.
2. Down in the val-ley with my Sav-ior I would go, Where the storms are sweep-ing and the dark wa-ters flow; With His hand to lead me I will nev-er, nev-er fear, Dan-gers can-not fright me if my Lord is near.
3. Down in the val-ley, or up-on the mountain steep, Close be-side my Sav-ior would my soul ev-er keep; He will lead me safe-ly in the path that He has trod, Up to where they gath-er on the hills of God.
REFRAIN.
Fol-low! fol-low! I would fol-low Je-sus! An-y-where, ev-'ry-where, I would fol-low on! Fol-low! fol-low! I would fol-low

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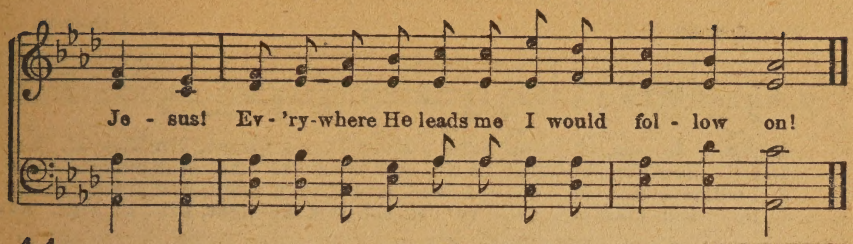
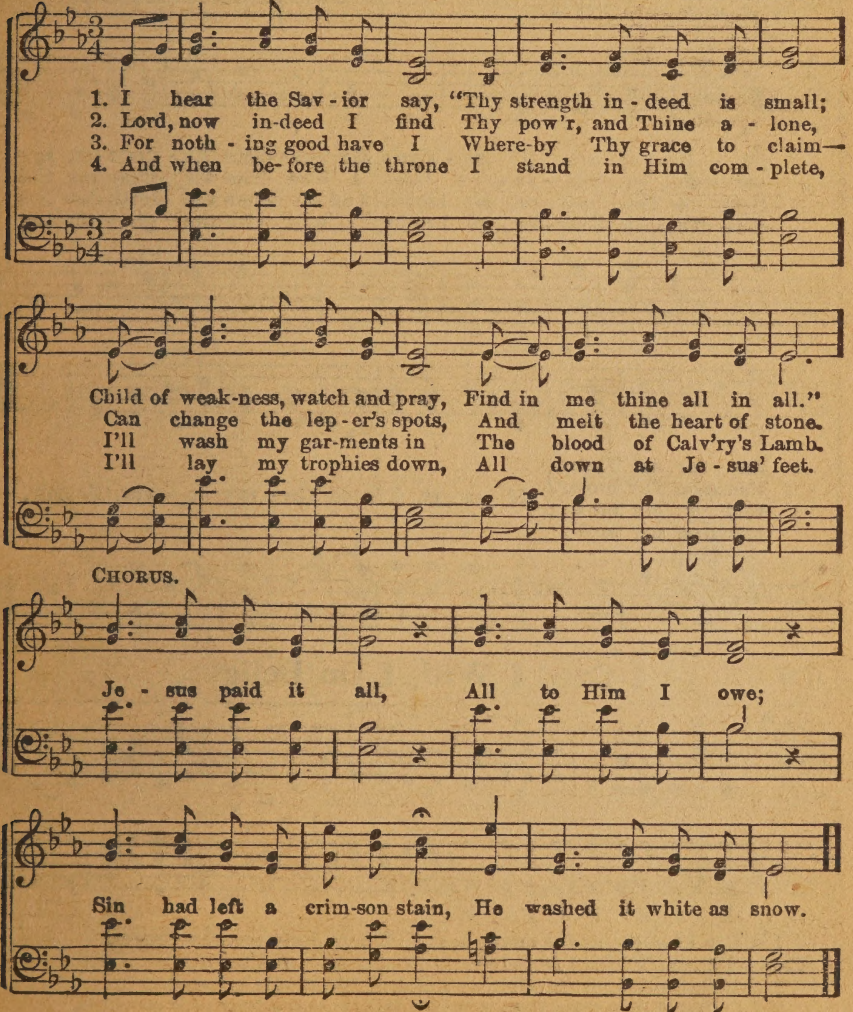
## Follow On!—Concluded.



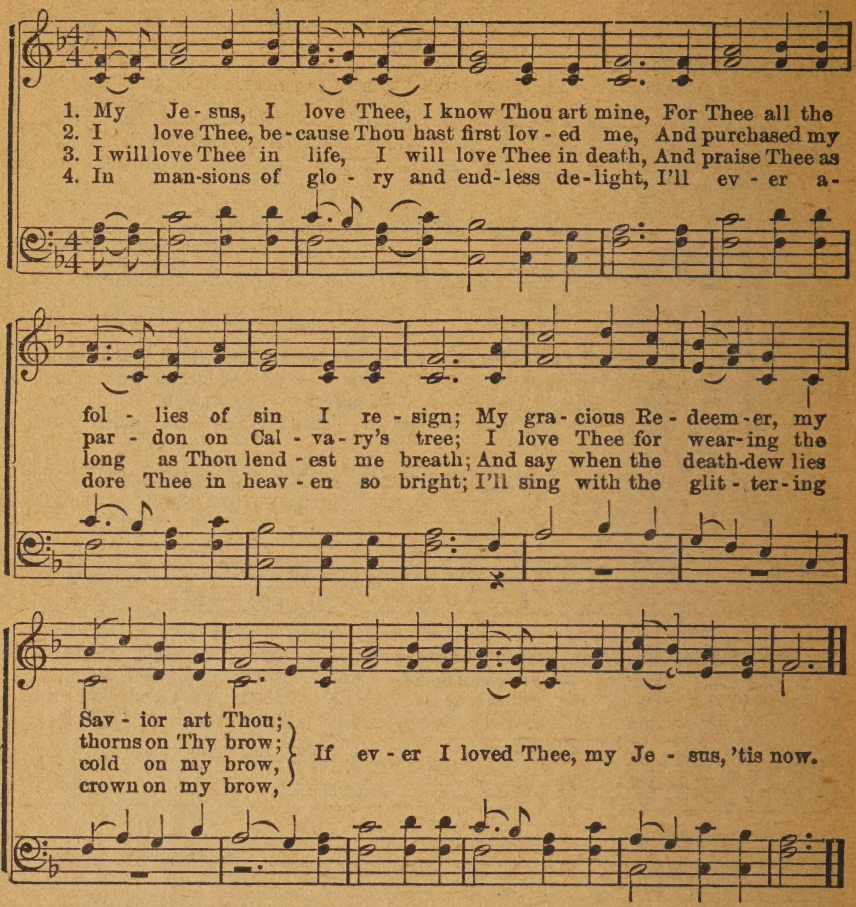

## 44 Jesus Paid It All.

MRS. E. M. HALL. JOHN T. GRAPE.

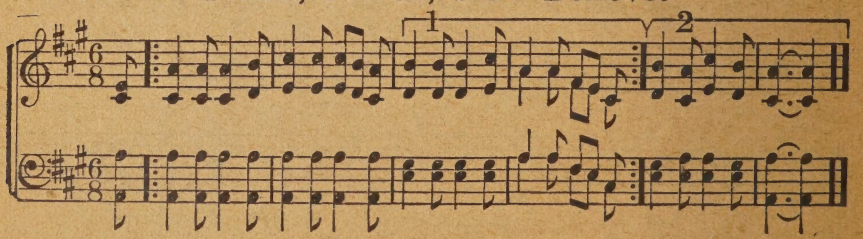

1. I hear the Sav - ior say, "Thy strength in - deed is small;
2. Lord, now in-deed I find Thy pow'r, and Thine a - lone,
3. For noth - ing good have I Where-by Thy grace to claim—
4. And when be-fore the throne I stand in Him com - plete,
Child of weak-ness, watch and pray, Find in me thine all in all."
Can change the lep - er's spots, And melt the heart of stone.
I'll wash my gar-ments in The blood of Calv'ry's Lamb.
I'll lay my trophies down, All down at Je - sus' feet.
CHORUS.
Je - sus paid it all, All to Him I owe;
Sin had left a crim-son stain, He washed it white as snow.

## 45 My Jesus, I Love Thee.

London Hymn Book. A. J. Gordon.


1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine, For Thee all the
2. I love Thee, be - cause Thou hast first lov - ed me, And purchased my
3. I will love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death, And praise Thee as
4. In man-sions of glo - ry and end-less de-light, I'll ev - er a-
fol - lies of sin I re - sign; My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my
par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree; I love Thee for wear-ing the
long as Thou lend - est me breath; And say when the death-dew lies
dore Thee in heav - en so bright; I'll sing with the glit - ter-ing
Sav - ior art Thou;
thorns on Thy brow;
cold on my brow,
crown on my brow,
If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.

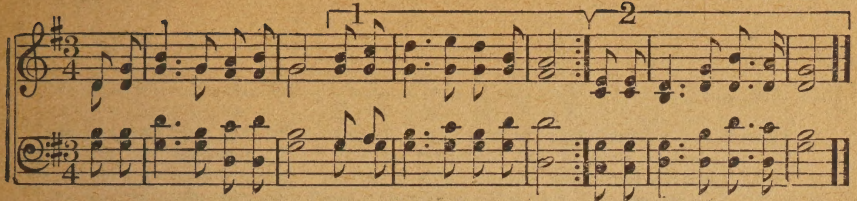
## 46 I Can, I Will, I Do Believe.




1 ‖: I'm kneeling at the mercy seat,:‖ Where Jesus answers prayer.
Cho.—‖: I can, I will, I do believe,:‖ That Jesus saves me now.
2 ‖: Refining fire, go through my heart,:‖ Illuminate my soul.
3 ‖: O that it now from heaven might fall,:‖ And all my sins consume.

## 47 I Am Coming.

Wm G. Fischer.




1 I am coming to the cross,
I am poor, and weak, and blind;
I am counting all but dross,
I shall full salvation find.

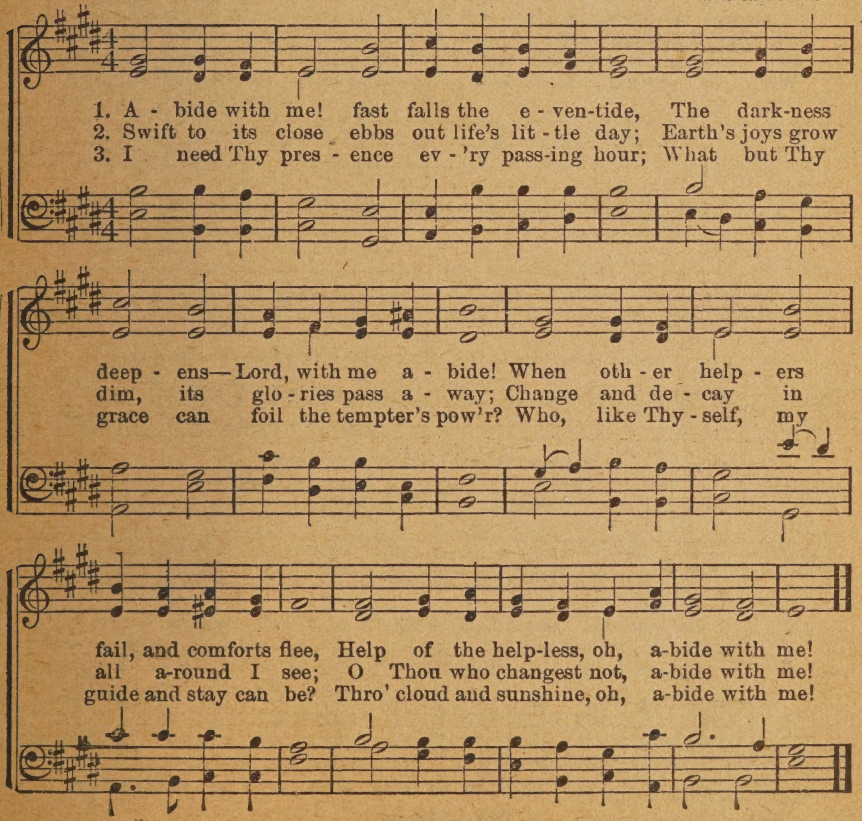
Cho.—I am trusting, Lord, in Thee,
Dear Lamb of Calvary;
Humbly at Thy cross I bow,
Jesus, save me, save me now.

2 Here I give my all to Thee,
Friends and time, and earthly store,
Soul and body, Thine to be,—
Wholly Thine forevermore.

3 Jesus comes! He fills my soul!
Perfected in love I am;
I am every whit made whole;
Glory, glory to the Lamb!

## 48 Abide With Me.

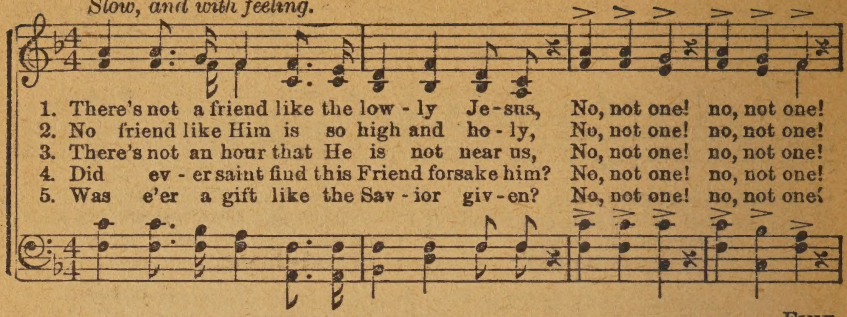
H. F. Lyte. Wm. H. Monk.

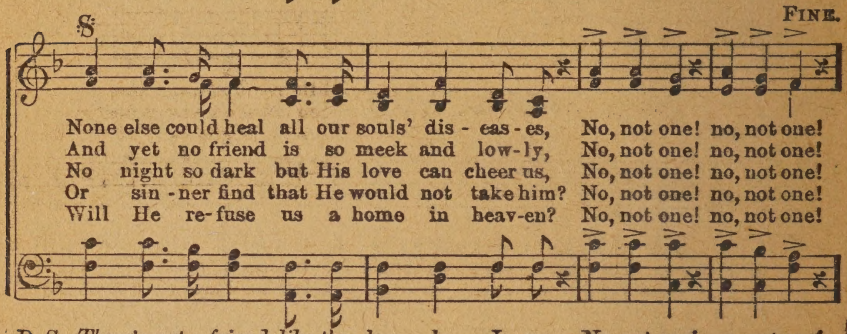

1. A - bide with me! fast falls the e - ven-tide, The dark-ness
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow
3. I need Thy pres - ence ev - 'ry pass-ing hour; What but Thy
deep - ens— Lord, with me a - bide! When oth - er help - ers
dim, its glo - ries pass a - way; Change and de - cay in
grace can foil the tempter's pow'r? Who, like Thy - self, my
fail, and comforts flee, Help of the help-less, oh, a-bide with me!
all a-round I see; O Thou who changest not, a-bide with me!
guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sunshine, oh, a-bide with me!

## 49 No, Not One.

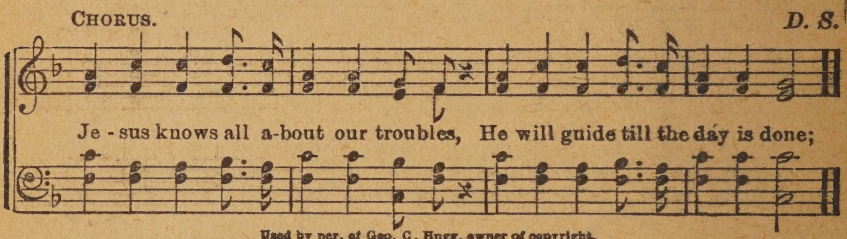
Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. Geo. C. Hugg.

*Slow, and with feeling.*


1. There's not a friend like the low - ly Je - sus, No, not one! no, not one!
2. No friend like Him is so high and ho - ly, No, not one! no, not one!
3. There's not an hour that He is not near us, No, not one! no, not one!
4. Did ev - er saint find this Friend forsake him? No, not one! no, not one!
5. Was e'er a gift like the Sav - ior giv - en? No, not one! no, not one!


S.
FINE.
None else could heal all our souls' dis - eas - es, No, not one! no, not one!
And yet no friend is so meek and low - ly, No, not one! no, not one!
No night so dark but His love can cheer us, No, not one! no, not one!
Or sin - ner find that He would not take him? No, not one! no, not one!
Will He re - fuse us a home in heav - en? No, not one! no, not one!

D. S.—*There's not a friend like the low - ly Je - sus, No, not one! no, not one!*

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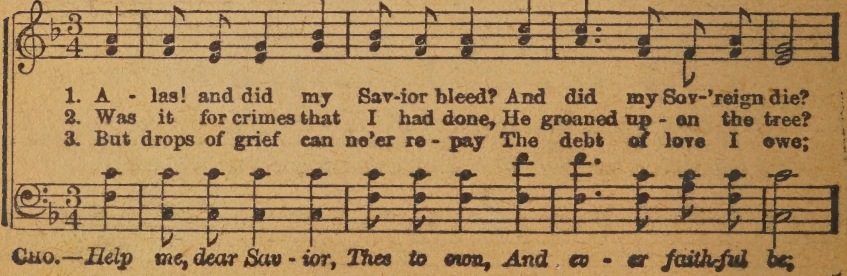
## 50 Remember Me.


1. A - las! and did my Sav - ior bleed? And did my Sov - 'reign die?
2. Was it for crimes that I had done, He groaned up - on the tree?
3. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe;

CHO.—*Help me, dear Sav - ior, Thee to own, And ev - er faithful be;*

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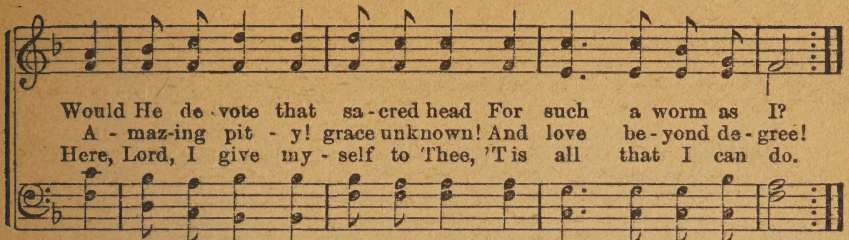
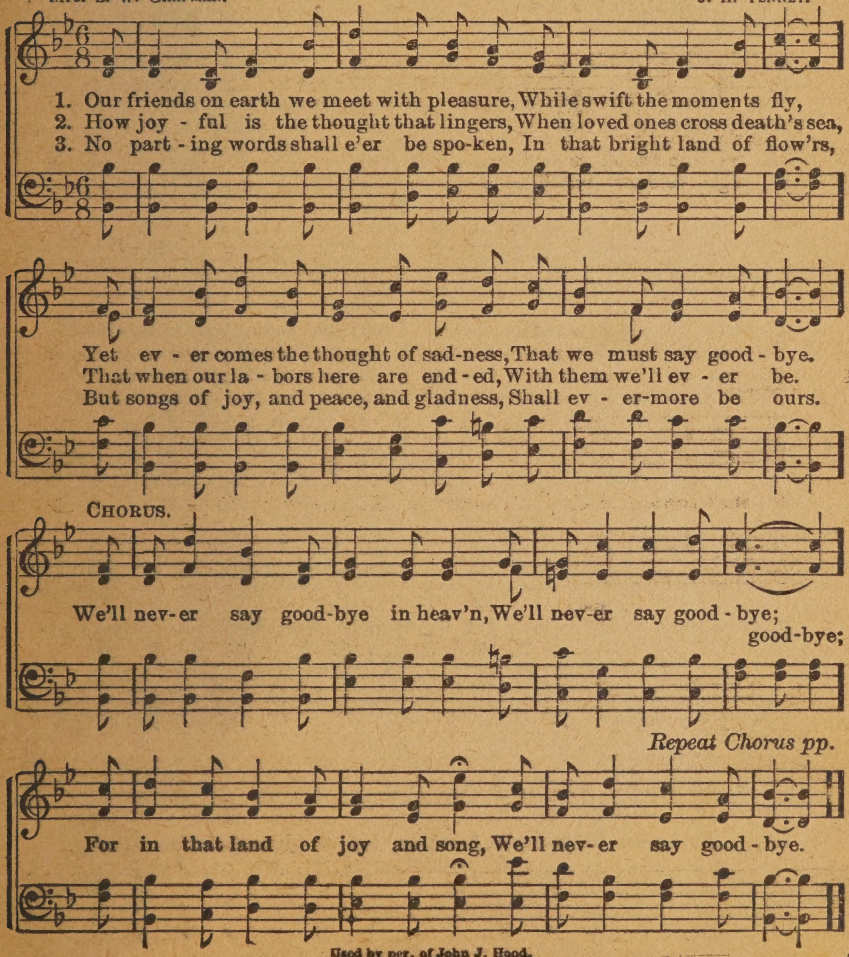
## Remember Me—Concluded.


Would He de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
A - maz-ing pit - y! grace unknown! And love be - yond de - gree!
Here, Lord, I give my - self to Thee, 'T is all that I can do.
And when Thou sit - test on Thy throne, O Lord, re - mem - ber me.

## 51 We'll Never Say Good-Bye.

Mrs. E. W. Chapman. J. H. Tenney.


1. Our friends on earth we meet with pleasure, While swift the moments fly,
2. How joy - ful is the thought that lingers, When loved ones cross death's sea,
3. No part - ing words shall e'er be spo-ken, In that bright land of flow'rs,
Yet ev - er comes the thought of sad-ness, That we must say good - bye.
That when our la - bors here are end - ed, With them we'll ev - er be.
But songs of joy, and peace, and gladness, Shall ev - er-more be ours.
Chorus.
We'll nev-er say good-bye in heav'n, We'll nev-er say good - bye;
good-bye;
Repeat Chorus pp.
For in that land of joy and song, We'll nev-er say good - bye.

Used by per. of John J. Hood.

# He is Just the Same To-day.

Mrs. S. Z. KAUFMAN. I. N. McHOSE.

1. Have you ev - er heard the sto - ry Of the Babe of Beth-le-hem, Who was
2. Have you ev - er heard how Je-sus Walked upon the roll-ing sea, To His
3. Once while resting on a pil - low In the ves-sel, fast a-sleep, There a-
4. Sure - ly you have heard how Jesus Prayed down in Geth-sem-a-ne, How He
worshiped by the angels, And by wise and ho - ly men, How He taught the learned
dear dis-ci - ples toss-ing On the waves of Gal - i - lee, How He rescued sinking
rose a mighty tempest On the wild and raging deep; "Peace! be still," the Lord com-
shed His precious life-blood On the rugged, shameful tree; Cruel thorns His forehead
doc-tors In the Temple far a-way? I am glad to tell you, brother, He is
Pe - ter From his danger and dismay? I am glad to tell you, brother, He is
manded; Ev - 'ry angry wave did stay; I am glad to tell you, brother, He is
piercing, As His Spir-it passed away? Brother, won't you come and love Him? He is
CHORUS.
just the same to-day. He's just the same to-day, Yes, just the same to-
day, I'm glad to tell you, broth-er, He is just the same to-day.

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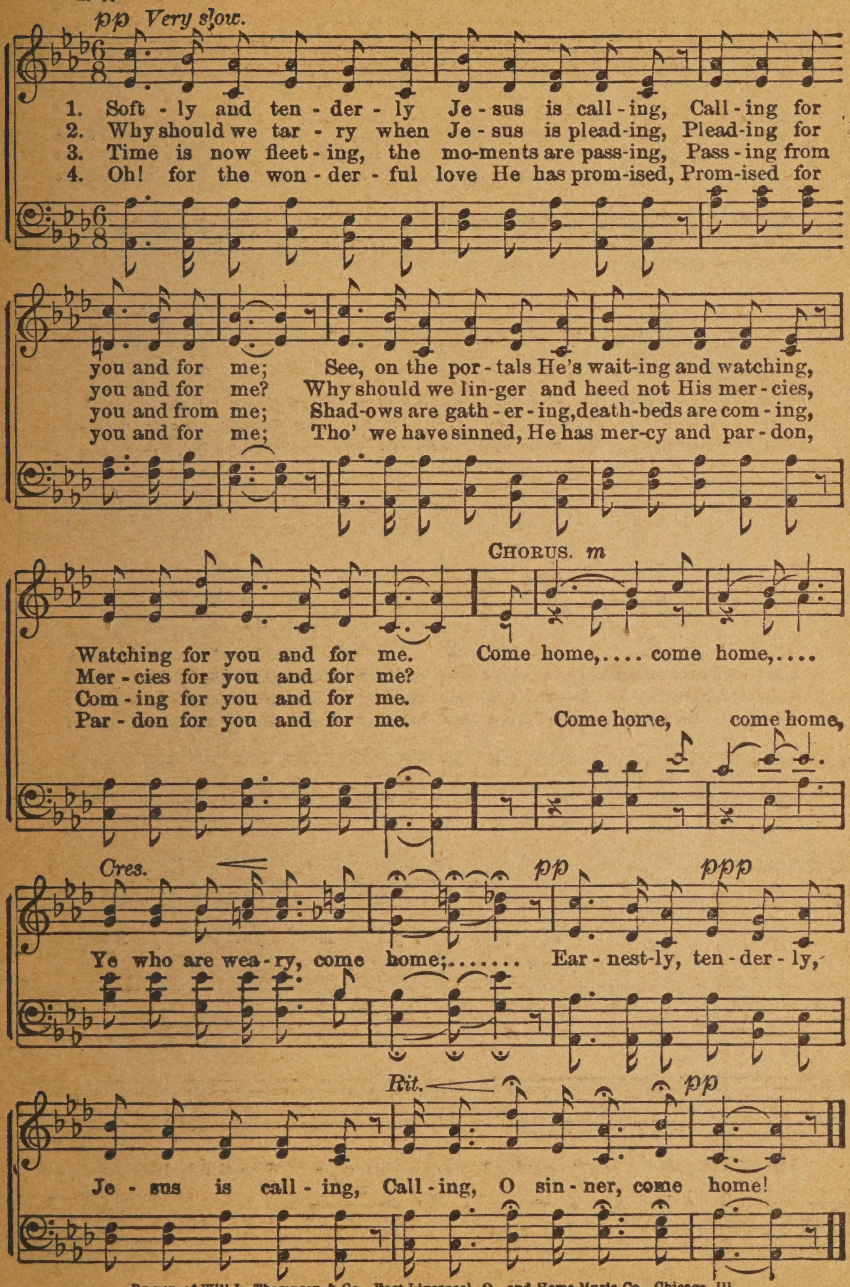
# Softly and Tenderly.

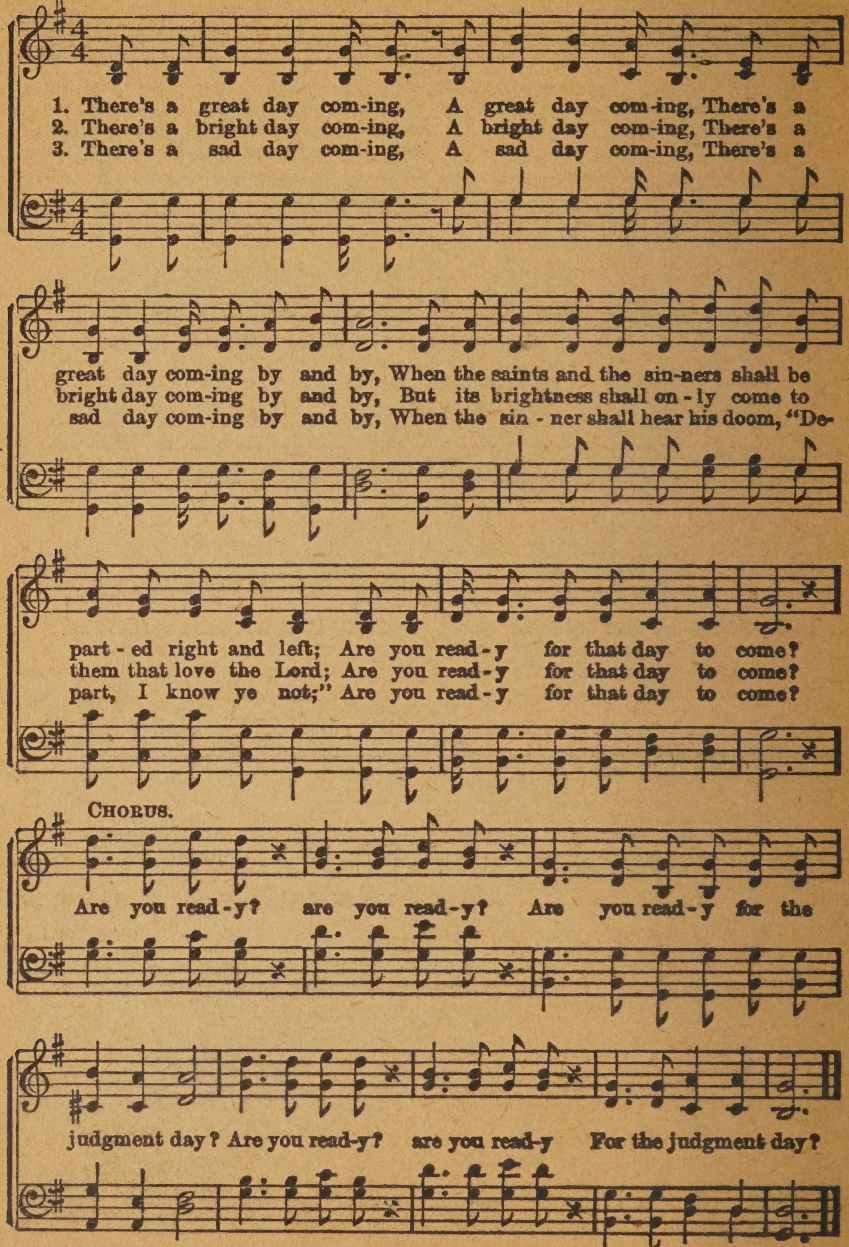
W. L. T. WILL L. THOMPSON.


pp Very slow.
1. Soft - ly and ten - der - ly Je - sus is call - ing, Call - ing for you and for me; See, on the por - tals He's wait-ing and watching,
2. Why should we tar - ry when Je - sus is plead-ing, Plead-ing for you and for me? Why should we lin-ger and heed not His mer - cies,
3. Time is now fleet - ing, the mo-ments are pass-ing, Pass - ing from you and from me; Shad-ows are gath - er - ing, death-beds are com - ing,
4. Oh! for the won - der - ful love He has prom-ised, Prom-ised for you and for me; Tho' we have sinned, He has mer-cy and par - don,
CHORUS. m
Watching for you and for me. Come home,..... come home,.....
Mer - cies for you and for me?
Com - ing for you and for me.
Par - don for you and for me. Come home, come home,
Cres.
pp
ppp
Ye who are wea - ry, come home;..... Ear - nest-ly, ten - der - ly,
Rit.
pp
Je - sus is call - ing, Call - ing, O sin - ner, come home!

By per. of Will L. Thompson & Co., East Liverpool, O., and Home Music Co., Chicago, Ill.

# 54 There's a Great Day Coming.

W. L. T. WILL L. THOMPSON.


1. There's a great day com-ing, A great day com-ing, There's a
2. There's a bright day com-ing, A bright day com-ing, There's a
3. There's a sad day com-ing, A sad day com-ing, There's a
great day com-ing by and by, When the saints and the sin-ners shall be
bright day com-ing by and by, But its brightness shall on-ly come to
sad day com-ing by and by, When the sin-ner shall hear his doom, "De-
part-ed right and left; Are you read-y for that day to come?
them that love the Lord; Are you read-y for that day to come?
part, I know ye not;" Are you read-y for that day to come?
CHORUS.
Are you read-y? are you read-y? Are you read-y for the
judgment day? Are you read-y? are you read-y For the judgment day?

By per. of Will L. Thompson & Co., East Liverpool, O., and Home Music Co., Chicago, Ill.

# Meet Me in the City.

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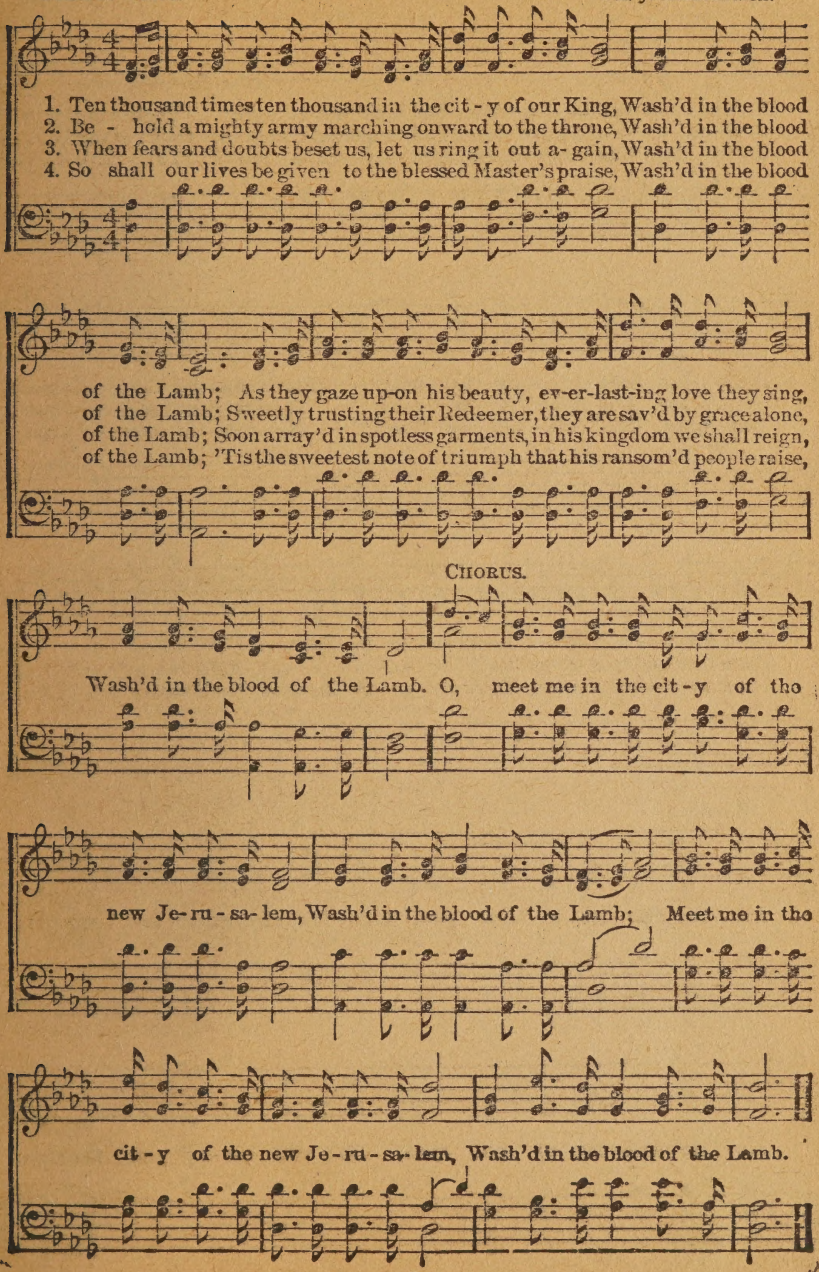
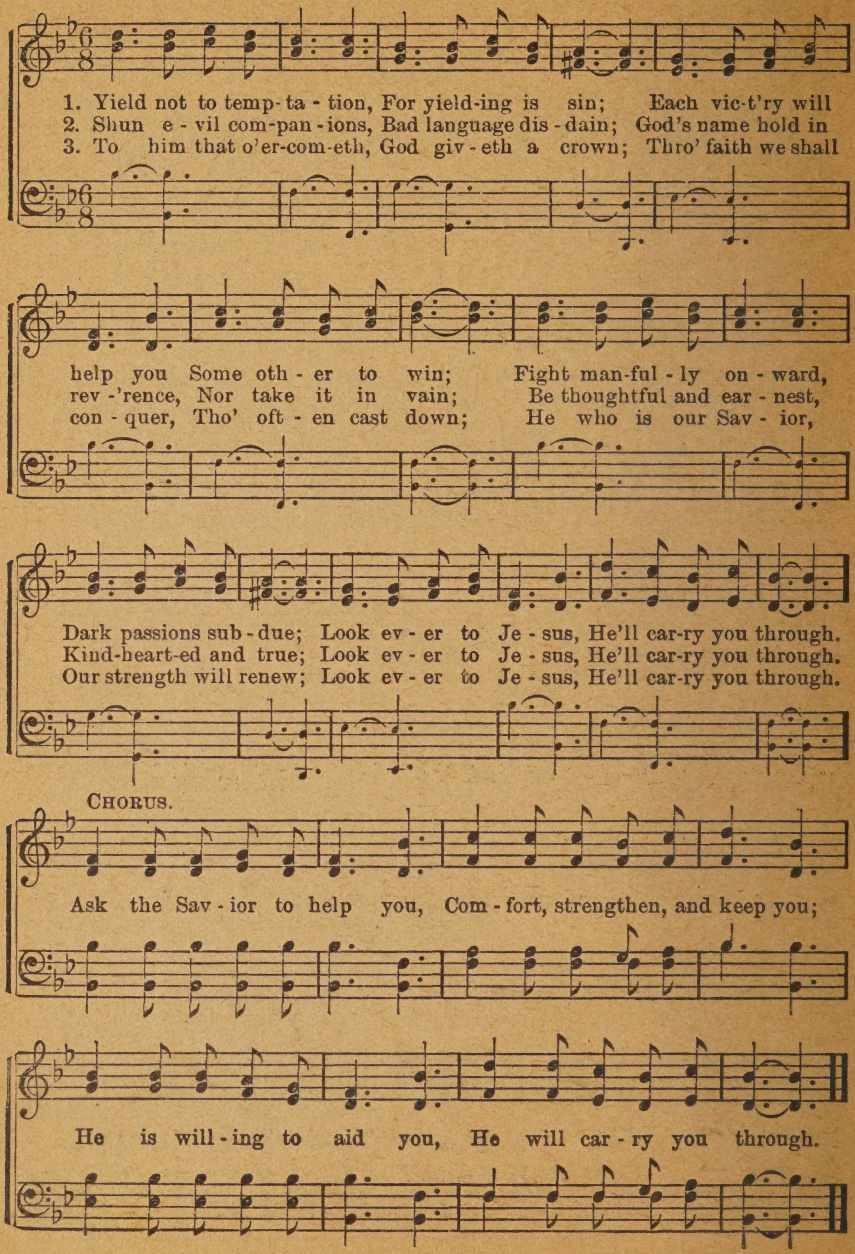
DELIA T. WHITE. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. Ten thousand times ten thousand in the cit - y of our King, Wash'd in the blood
2. Be - hold a mighty army marching onward to the throne, Wash'd in the blood
3. When fears and doubts beset us, let us ring it out a- gain, Wash'd in the blood
4. So shall our lives be given to the blessed Master's praise, Wash'd in the blood
of the Lamb; As they gaze up-on his beauty, ev-er-last-ing love they sing,
of the Lamb; Sweetly trusting their Redeemer, they are sav'd by grace alone,
of the Lamb; Soon array'd in spotless garments, in his kingdom we shall reign,
of the Lamb; 'Tis the sweetest note of triumph that his ransom'd people raise,
CHORUS.
Wash'd in the blood of the Lamb. O, meet me in the cit - y of the
new Je - ru - sa - lem, Wash'd in the blood of the Lamb; Meet me in the
cit - y of the new Je - ru - sa - lem, Wash'd in the blood of the Lamb.

# Yield Not to Temptation.

H. R. P. H. R. PALMER.


1. Yield not to temp-ta-tion, For yield-ing is sin; Each vic-t'ry will
2. Shun e-vil com-pan-ions, Bad language dis-dain; God's name hold in
3. To him that o'er-com-eth, God giv-eth a crown; Thro' faith we shall
help you Some oth-er to win; Fight man-ful-ly on-ward,
rev-'rence, Nor take it in vain; Be thoughtful and ear-nest,
con-quer, Tho' oft-en cast down; He who is our Sav-ior,
Dark passions sub-due; Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll car-ry you through.
Kind-heart-ed and true; Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll car-ry you through.
Our strength will renew; Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll car-ry you through.
CHORUS.
Ask the Sav-ior to help you, Com-fort, strengthen, and keep you;
He is will-ing to aid you, He will car-ry you through.

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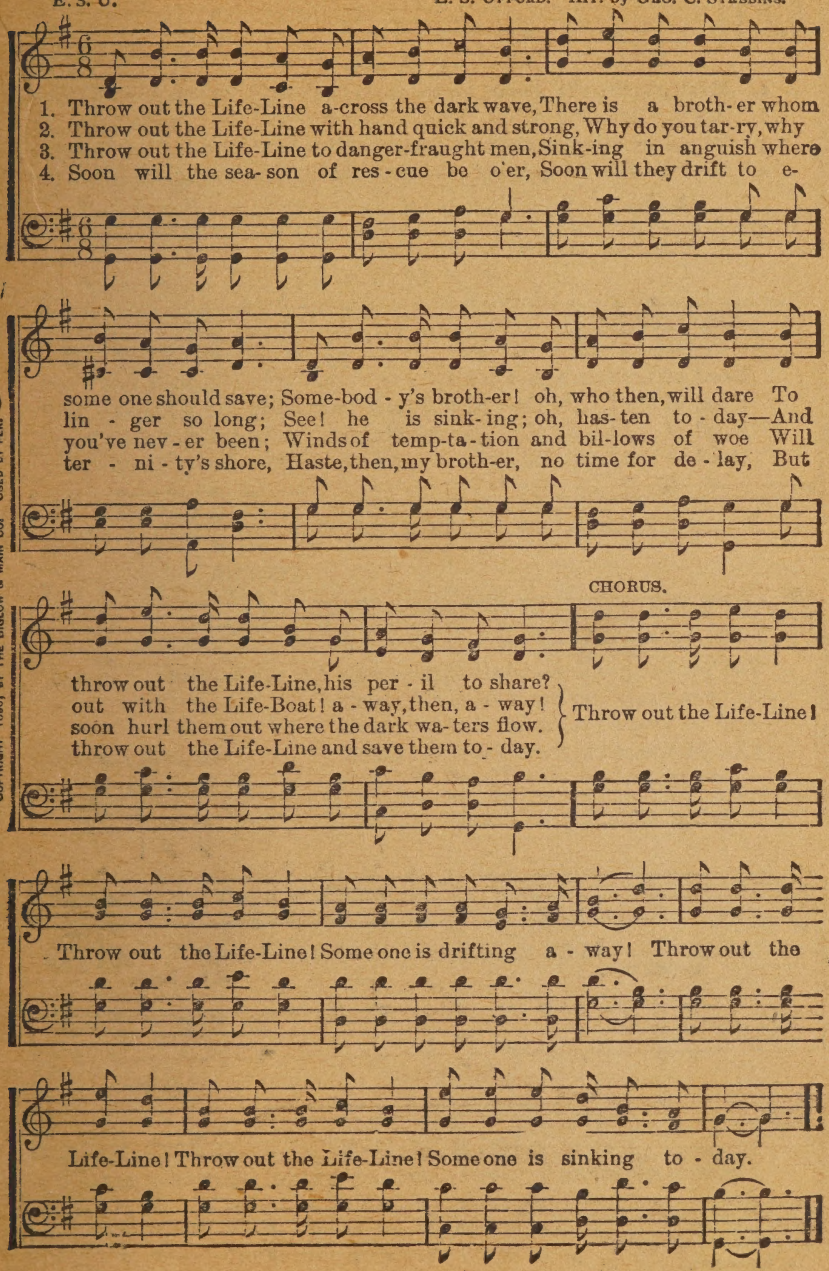
# 57 Throw Out the Life-Line!

E. S. U. E. S. Ufford. Arr. by Geo. C. Stebbins.


1. Throw out the Life-Line a-cross the dark wave, There is a broth-er whom
2. Throw out the Life-Line with hand quick and strong, Why do you tar-ry, why
3. Throw out the Life-Line to danger-fraught men, Sink-ing in anguish where
4. Soon will the sea-son of res-cue be o'er, Soon will they drift to e-
some one should save; Some-bod-y's broth-er! oh, who then, will dare To
lin-ger so long; See! he is sink-ing; oh, has-ten to-day—And
you've nev-er been; Winds of temp-ta-tion and bil-lows of woe Will
ter-ni-ty's shore, Haste, then, my broth-er, no time for de-lay, But
CHORUS.
throw out the Life-Line, his per-il to share?
out with the Life-Boat! a-way, then, a-way!
soon hurl them out where the dark wa-ters flow.
throw out the Life-Line and save them to-day.
Throw out the Life-Line!
Throw out the Life-Line! Some one is drifting a-way! Throw out the
Life-Line! Throw out the Life-Line! Some one is sinking to-day.

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# Are You Washed in the Blood?

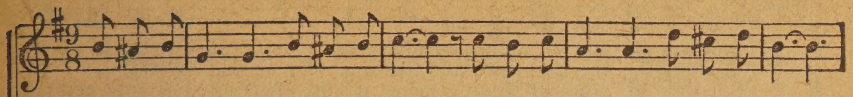
E. A. H. Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

1. Have you been to Je-sus for the cleansing pow'r? Are you wash'd in the
2. Are you walk-ing dai-ly by the Savior's side? Are you wash'd in the
3. When the Bridegroom cometh will your robes be white? Pure and white in the
4. Lay a - side the garments that are stained with sin, And be wash'd in the
blood of the Lamb? Are you ful - ly trusting in His grace this hour?
blood of the Lamb? Do you rest each moment in the Cru - ci - fied?
blood of the Lamb? Will your soul be read - y for the mansions bright,
blood of the Lamb; There's a fountain flowing for the soul un-clean,
CHORUS.
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb? Are you washed in the
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?
And be washed in the blood of the Lamb?
Oh, be washed in the blood of the Lamb!
Are you washed
blood, In the soul-cleansing blood of the Lamb? Are your
In the blood. of the Lamb.
garments spotless? Are they white as snow? Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

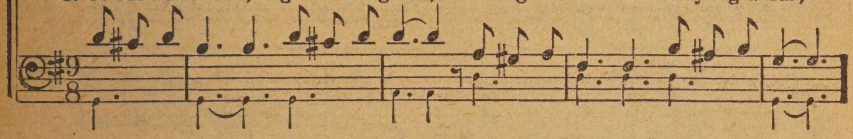
BY PERMISSION.

# Looking This Way.

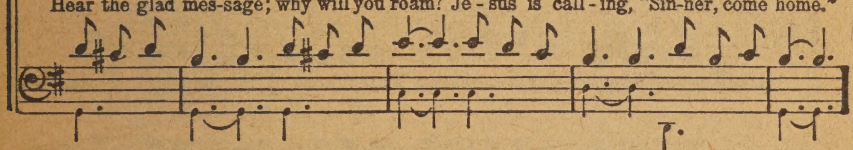
J. W. V. J. W. Van De Venter.



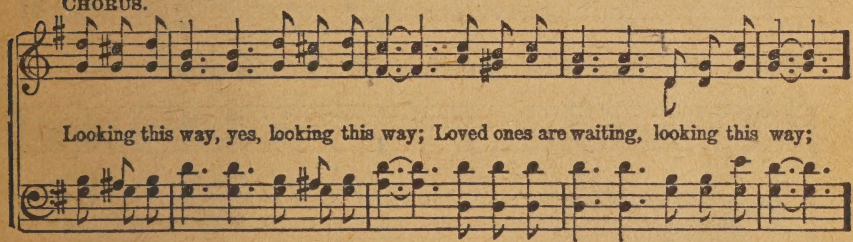
1. O - ver the riv - er, fac - es I see, Fair as the morn-ing, look-ing for me;
2. Fa-ther and moth-er, safe in the vale, Watch for the boat-man, wait for the sail,
3. Broth-er and sis-ter, gone to that clime, Wait for the oth - ers, com-ing some-time;
4. Sweet lit-tle dar-ling, pride of the home, Look-ing for someone, beck-on-ing come;
5. Je-sus the Saviour, bright Morning Star, Look-ing for lost ones stray-ing a-far;



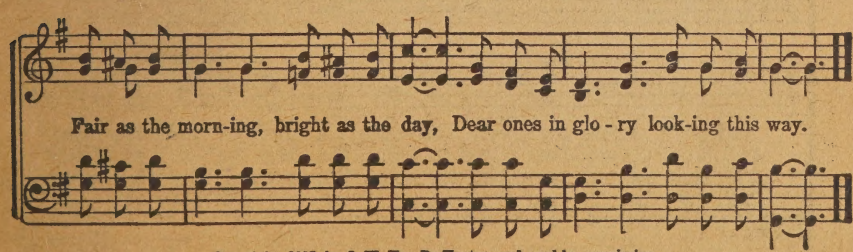
Free from their sor-row, grief and de-spair, Wait-ing and watch-ing pa-tient-ly there.
Bear-ing the loved ones o - ver the tide, In - to the har - bor, near to their side.
Safe with the an - gels, whit-er than snow, Watching for dear ones wait-ing be-low.
Bright as a sun - beam, pure as the dew, Anx-ious-ly look-ing, moth-er, for you.
Hear the glad mes-sage; why will you roam? Je - sus is call - ing, "Sin-ner, come home."



CHORUS.



Looking this way, yes, looking this way; Loved ones are waiting, looking this way;



Fair as the morn-ing, bright as the day, Dear ones in glo - ry look-ing this way.

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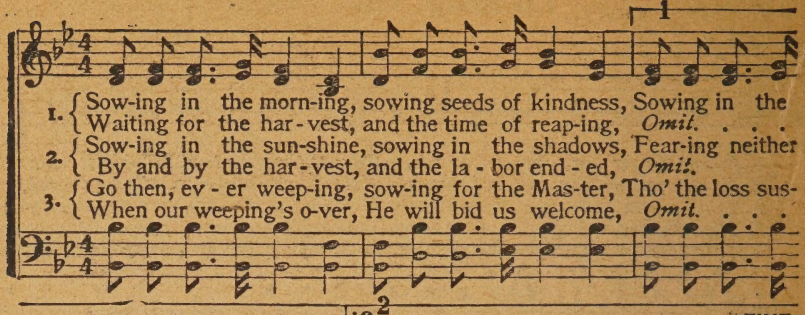
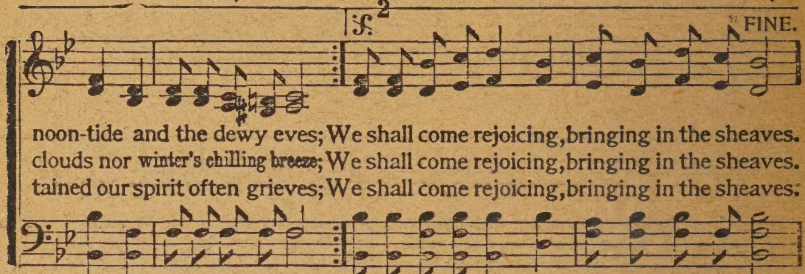
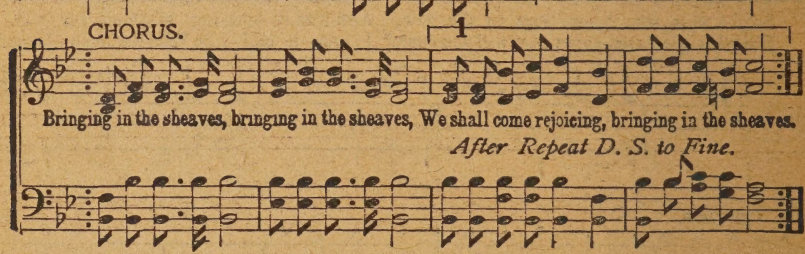
## 60 Bringing in the Sheaves.

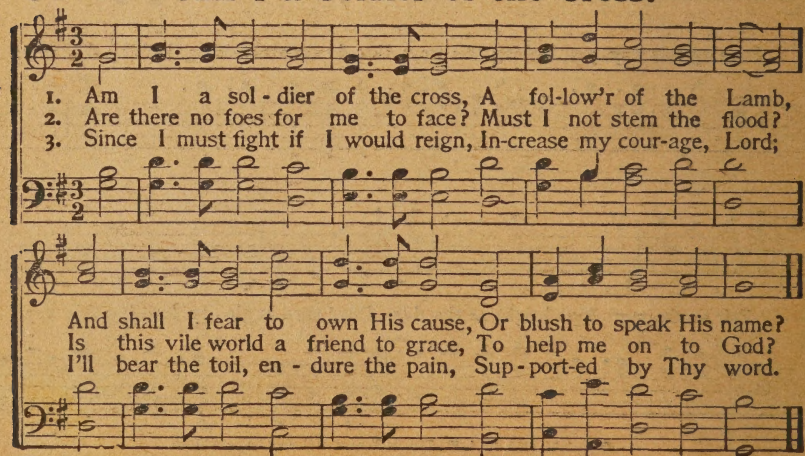
GEO. A. INOR.


1
1. Sow-ing in the morn-ing, sowing seeds of kindness, Sowing in the
Waiting for the har-vest, and the time of reap-ing, Omit. . . .
2. Sow-ing in the sun-shine, sowing in the shadows, Fear-ing neither
By and by the har-vest, and the la-bor end-ed, Omit.
3. Go then, ev-er weep-ing, sow-ing for the Mas-ter, Tho' the loss sus-
When our weeping's o-ver, He will bid us welcome, Omit. . . .


2
FINE.
noon-tide and the dewy eves; We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.
clouds nor winter's chilling breeze; We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.
tained our spirit often grieves; We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

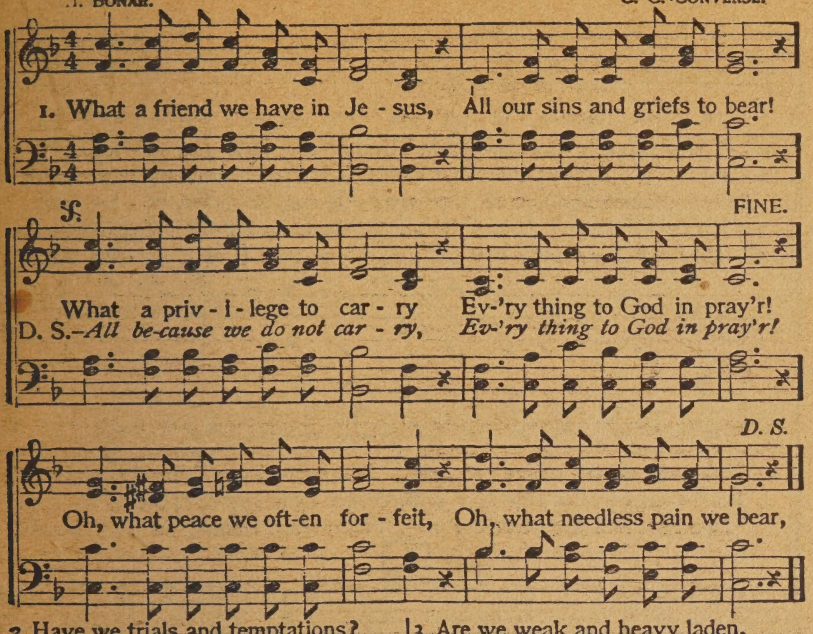

CHORUS.
1
Bringing in the sheaves, bringing in the sheaves, We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.
After Repeat D. S. to Fine.

## 61 Am I a Soldier of the Cross.


1. Am I a sol-dier of the cross, A fol-low'r of the Lamb,
2. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?
3. Since I must fight if I would reign, In-crease my cour-age, Lord;
And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?
Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?
I'll bear the toil, en-dure the pain, Sup-port-ed by Thy word.

## 62 What a Friend We Have in Jesus.

J. BONAR. C. C. CONVERSE.

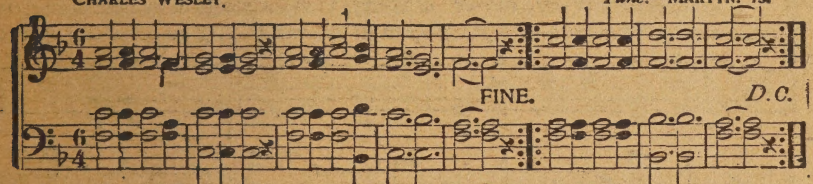

1. What a friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear!
FINE.
What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev-'ry thing to God in pray'r!
D. S.—All be-cause we do not car - ry, Ev-'ry thing to God in pray'r!
D. S.
Oh, what peace we oft-en for - feit, Oh, what needless pain we bear,

2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care,
Precious Savior, still our refuge,
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer,
In His arms He'll take and shield thee;
Thou wilt find a solace there.

## 63 Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

CHARLES WESLEY. *Tune:*—MARTYN. 7s.



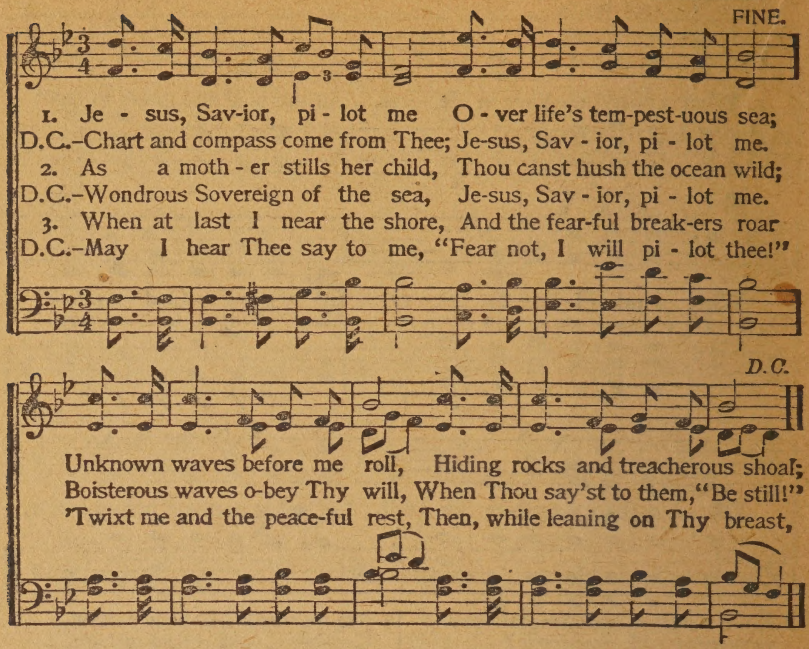

1 Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, O my Savior, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last.

2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, oh, leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

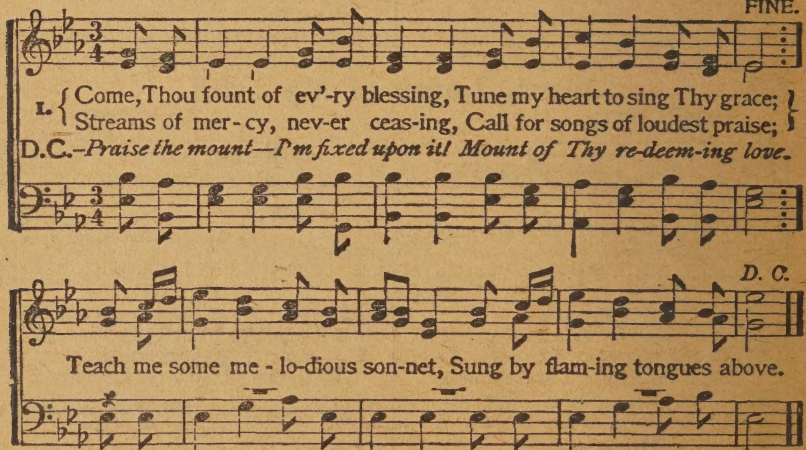
3 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within;
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee;
Spring thou up within my heart;
Rise to all eternity.

## 64 Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me.

J. E. GOULD.


FINE.
1. Je - sus, Sav-ior, pi - lot me O - ver life's tem-pest-uous sea;
D.C.–Chart and compass come from Thee; Je-sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me.
2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
D.C.–Wondrous Sovereign of the sea, Je-sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me.
3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear-ful break-ers roar
D.C.–May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee!"
D.C.
Unknown waves before me roll, Hiding rocks and treacherous shoal;
Boisterous waves o-bey Thy will, When Thou say'st to them, "Be still!"
'Twixt me and the peace-ful rest, Then, while leaning on Thy breast,

## 65 Come Thou Fount.

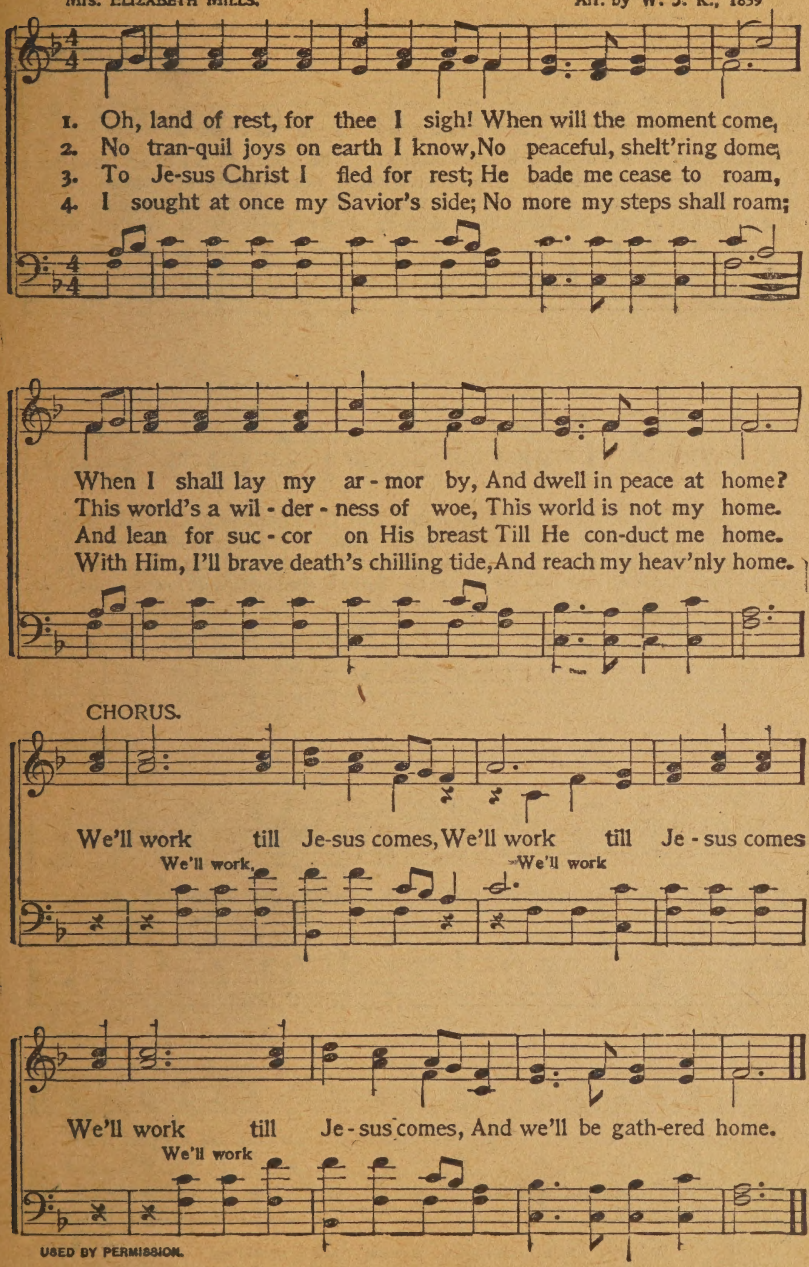

FINE.
1. { Come, Thou fount of ev'-ry blessing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
Streams of mer - cy, nev-er ceas-ing, Call for songs of loudest praise; }
D.C.–*Praise the mount—I'm fixed upon it! Mount of Thy re-deem-ing love.*
D. C.
Teach me some me - lo-dious son-net, Sung by flam-ing tongues above.

2 Oh, to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let Thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee;
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it—
Prone to leave the God I love—
Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it,
Seal it for Thy courts above.

# We'll Work Till Jesus Comes.

Mrs. ELIZABETH MILLS.

Dr. WM. MILLER,
Arr. by W. J. K., 1859

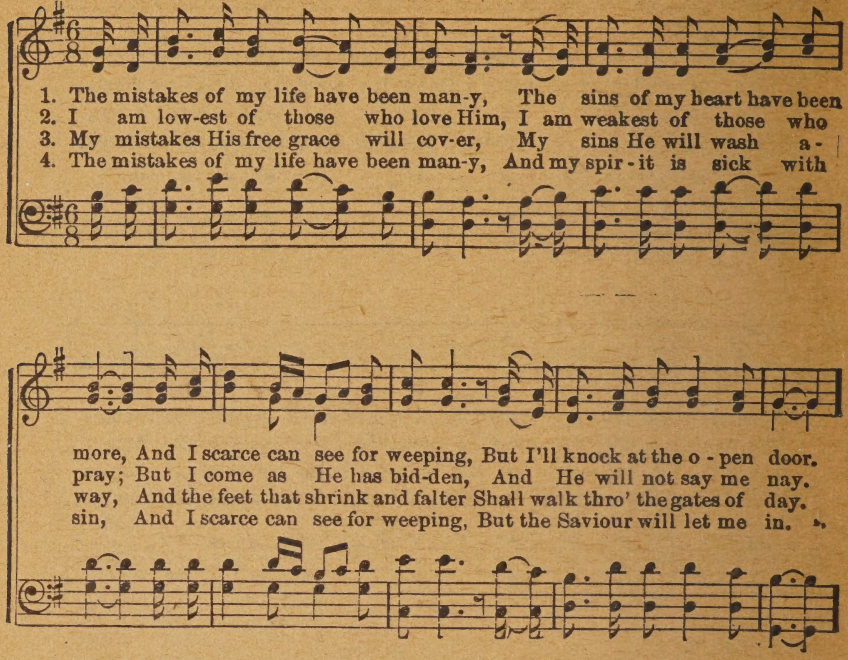

1. Oh, land of rest, for thee I sigh! When will the moment come,
2. No tran-quil joys on earth I know, No peaceful, shelt'ring dome,
3. To Je-sus Christ I fled for rest; He bade me cease to roam,
4. I sought at once my Savior's side; No more my steps shall roam;
When I shall lay my ar - mor by, And dwell in peace at home?
This world's a wil - der - ness of woe, This world is not my home.
And lean for suc - cor on His breast Till He con-duct me home.
With Him, I'll brave death's chilling tide, And reach my heav'nly home.
CHORUS.
We'll work till Je-sus comes, We'll work till Je - sus comes
We'll work.
We'll work
We'll work till Je - sus comes, And we'll be gath-ered home.
We'll work

USED BY PERMISSION.

# The Mistakes of My Life.

"Behold, I have set before thee an open door."—Rev. 3: 8.

MRS. URANIA L. BAILEY. ROBERT LOWRY.


1. The mistakes of my life have been man-y, The sins of my heart have been
2. I am low-est of those who love Him, I am weakest of those who
3. My mistakes His free grace will cov-er, My sins He will wash a-
4. The mistakes of my life have been man-y, And my spir-it is sick with
more, And I scarce can see for weeping, But I'll knock at the o-pen door.
pray; But I come as He has bid-den, And He will not say me nay.
way, And the feet that shrink and falter Shall walk thro' the gates of day.
sin, And I scarce can see for weeping, But the Saviour will let me in.
CHORUS.
I know I am weak and sin-ful, It comes to me more and more;
But when the dear Saviour shall bid me come in, I'll en-ter the o-pen door.

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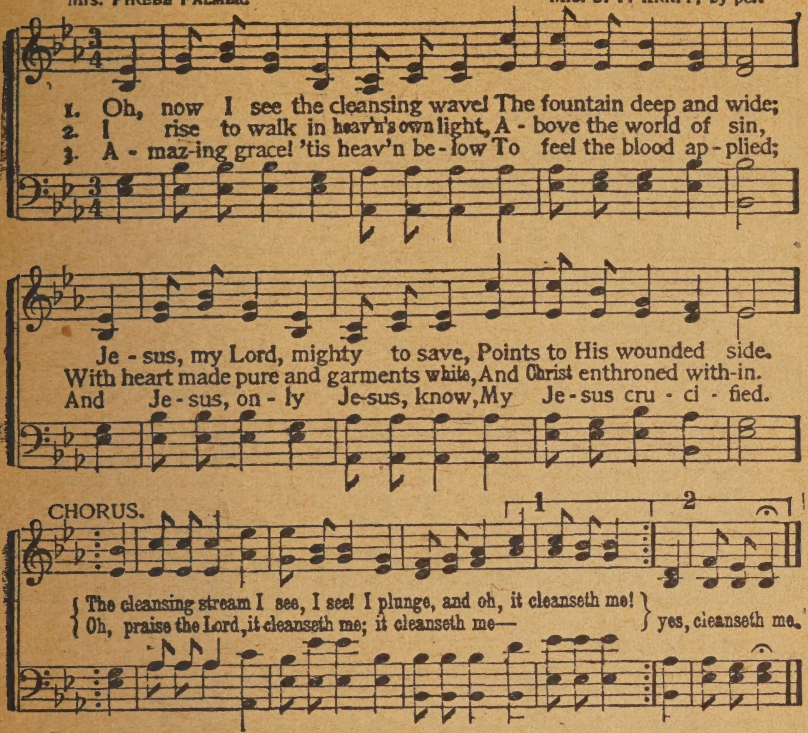
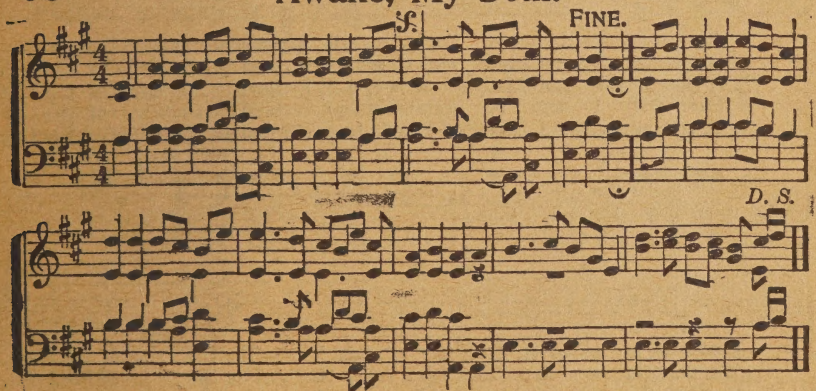
## 68 Cleansing Wave.

Mrs. PHŒBE PALMER. Mrs. J. F. KNAPP, by per.


1. Oh, now I see the cleansing wave! The fountain deep and wide;
2. I rise to walk in heav'n's own light, A - bove the world of sin,
3. A - maz-ing grace! 'tis heav'n be - low To feel the blood ap - plied;
Je - sus, my Lord, mighty to save, Points to His wounded side.
With heart made pure and garments white, And Christ enthroned with-in.
And Je - sus, on - ly Je-sus, know, My Je - sus cru - ci - fied.
CHORUS.
1
2
The cleansing stream I see, I see! I plunge, and oh, it cleanseth me!
Oh, praise the Lord, it cleanseth me; it cleanseth me— yes, cleanseth me.

## 69 Awake, My Soul.



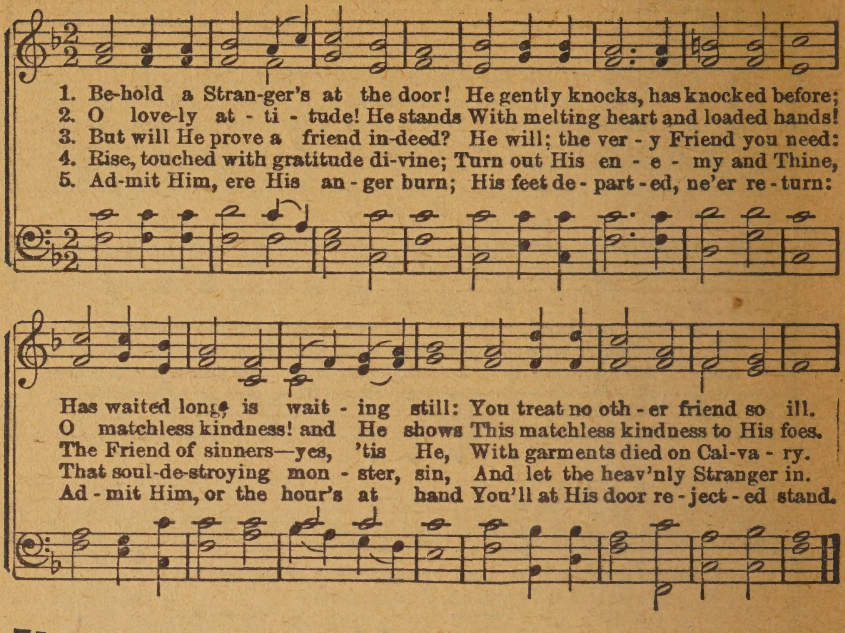

1 Awake, my soul, in joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from me;
His loving kindness, oh, how free!

2 He saw me ruined by the fall,
Yet loved me notwithstanding all;
He saved me from my lost estate:
His loving kindness, oh, how great!

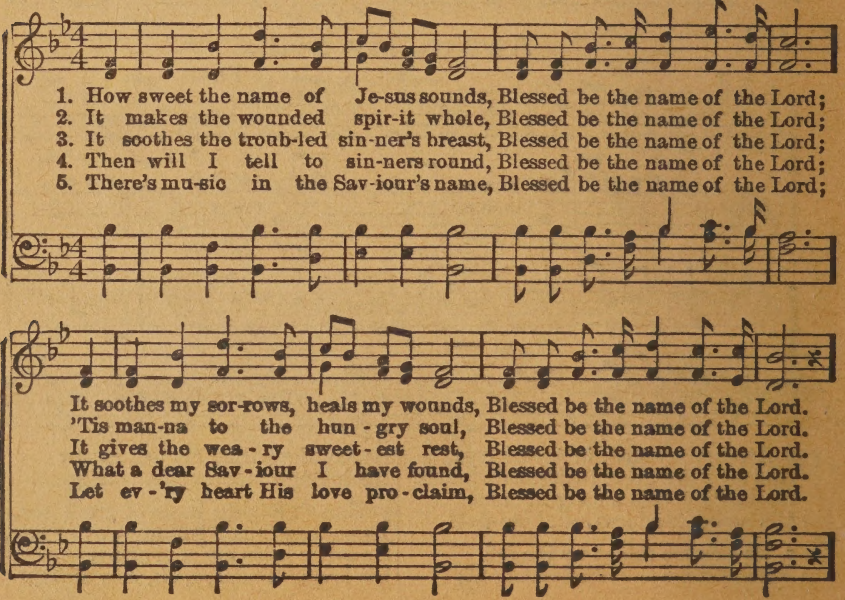
3 Though mighty hosts of cruel foes,
Though earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along;
His loving kindness, oh, how strong!

## 70 Behold a Stranger's at the Door.

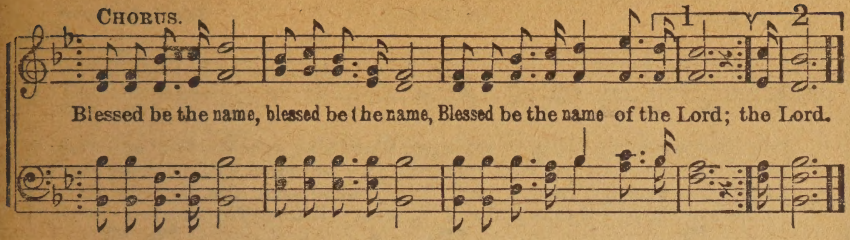
HENRY K. OLIVER.


1. Be-hold a Stran-ger's at the door! He gently knocks, has knocked before;
2. O love-ly at - ti - tude! He stands With melting heart and loaded hands!
3. But will He prove a friend in-deed? He will; the ver - y Friend you need:
4. Rise, touched with gratitude di-vine; Turn out His en - e - my and Thine,
5. Ad-mit Him, ere His an - ger burn; His feet de - part - ed, ne'er re - turn:
Has waited long is wait - ing still: You treat no oth - er friend so ill.
O matchless kindness! and He shows This matchless kindness to His foes.
The Friend of sinners—yes, 'tis He, With garments died on Cal-va - ry.
That soul-de-stroying mon - ster, sin, And let the heav'nly Stranger in.
Ad - mit Him, or the hour's at hand You'll at His door re - ject - ed stand.

## 71 Blessed be the Name.


1. How sweet the name of Je-sus sounds, Blessed be the name of the Lord;
2. It makes the wounded spir-it whole, Blessed be the name of the Lord;
3. It soothes the troub-led sin-ner's breast, Blessed be the name of the Lord;
4. Then will I tell to sin-ners round, Blessed be the name of the Lord;
5. There's mu-sic in the Sav-iour's name, Blessed be the name of the Lord;
It soothes my sor-rows, heals my wounds, Blessed be the name of the Lord.
'Tis man-na to the hun - gry soul, Blessed be the name of the Lord.
It gives the wea - ry sweet - est rest, Blessed be the name of the Lord.
What a dear Sav - iour I have found, Blessed be the name of the Lord.
Let ev - 'ry heart His love pro - claim, Blessed be the name of the Lord.

## Blessed be the Name—Concluded.



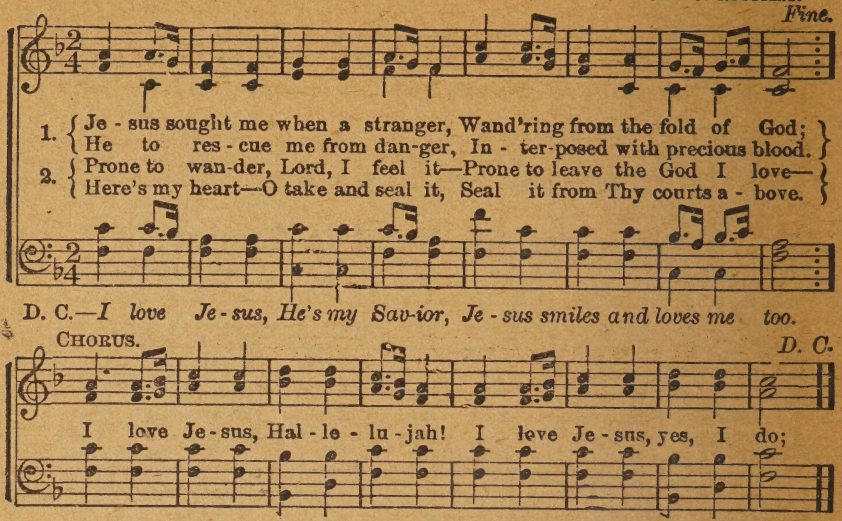

## 72 Work, for the Night is Coming.

MRS. ANNA L. COGHILL. LOWELL MASON.

1. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work thro' the morn-ing hours;
2. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work thro' the sun - ny noon;
3. Work, for the night is com - ing, Un - der the sun - set skies;
Work while the dew is spark - ling, Work 'mid spring - ing flow'rs;
Fill bright-est hours with la - bor—Rest comes sure and soon.
While their bright tints are glow - ing, Work, for day - light flies.
Work when the day grows bright-er, Work in the glow - ing sun;
Give ev - 'ry fly - ing mo - ment Some-thing to keep in store;
Work till the last beam fad - eth, Fad - eth to shine no more;
Work, for the night is com - ing, When man's work is done.
Work, for the night is com - ing, When man works no more.
Work while the night is dark - 'ning, When man's work is o'er.

## 73 I Love Jesus.

ROBERT ROBINSON. GREENVILLE. JEAN J. ROUSSEAU.


Fine.
1. Je - sus sought me when a stranger, Wand'ring from the fold of God;
He to res - cue me from dan-ger, In - ter-posed with precious blood.
2. Prone to wan-der, Lord, I feel it—Prone to leave the God I love—
Here's my heart—O take and seal it, Seal it from Thy courts a - bove.
D. C.—I love Je - sus, He's my Sav-ior, Je - sus smiles and loves me too.
CHORUS.
D. C.
I love Je - sus, Hal - le - lu - jah! I love Je - sus, yes, I do;

## 74 "Old Time Religion."

CHO.—'Tis the old time re - lig - ion, 'Tis the old - time re - lig - ion,
1. It was good for our moth - ers, It was good for our moth-ers,
2. Makes me love ev - 'ry - bod - y, Makes me love ev - 'ry - bod - y,
3. It has sav - ed our fa - thers, It has sav - ed our fa-thers,
'Tis the old time re - lig - ion, It's good e-nough for me.
It was good for our moth - ers, It's good e-nough for me.
Makes me love ev - 'ry - bod - y, It's good e-nough for me.
It has sav - ed our fa - thers, It's good e-nough for me.

4 ‖: It was good for the Prophet Daniel, :‖
It's good enough for me.

5 ‖: It was good for the Hebrew Children, :‖
It's good enough for me.

6 ‖: It was tried in the fiery furnace, :‖
It's good enough for me.

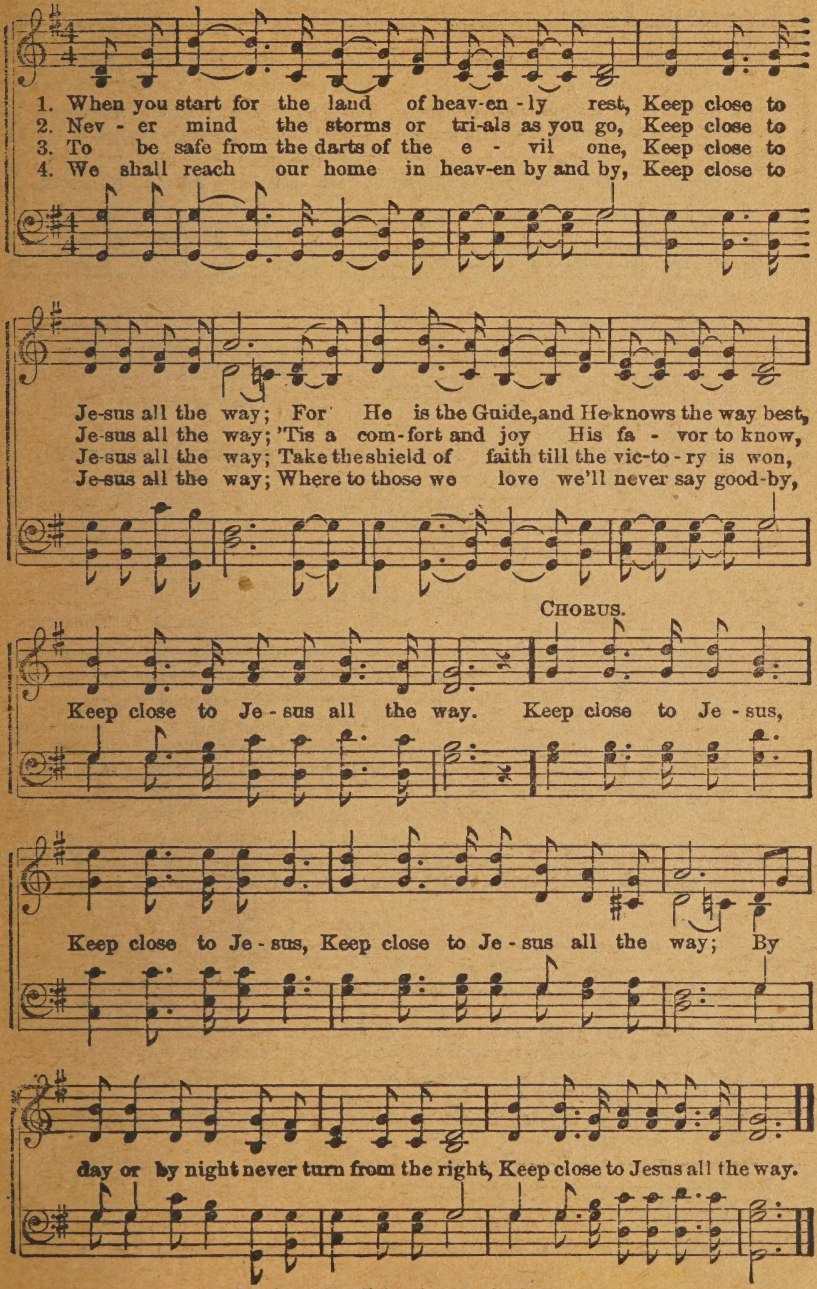
7 ‖: It was good for Paul and Silas, :‖
It's good enough for me.

8 ‖: It will do when I am dying, :‖
It's good enough for me.

9 ‖: It will take us all to heaven, :‖
It's good enough for me.

# Keep Close to Jesus.

J. L. JOHN LANE.


1. When you start for the land of heav-en-ly rest, Keep close to
2. Nev-er mind the storms or tri-als as you go, Keep close to
3. To be safe from the darts of the e-vil one, Keep close to
4. We shall reach our home in heav-en by and by, Keep close to
Je-sus all the way; For He is the Guide, and He knows the way best,
Je-sus all the way; 'Tis a com-fort and joy His fa-vor to know,
Je-sus all the way; Take the shield of faith till the vic-to-ry is won,
Je-sus all the way; Where to those we love we'll never say good-by,
CHORUS.
Keep close to Je-sus all the way. Keep close to Je-sus,
Keep close to Je-sus, Keep close to Je-sus all the way; By
day or by night never turn from the right, Keep close to Jesus all the way.

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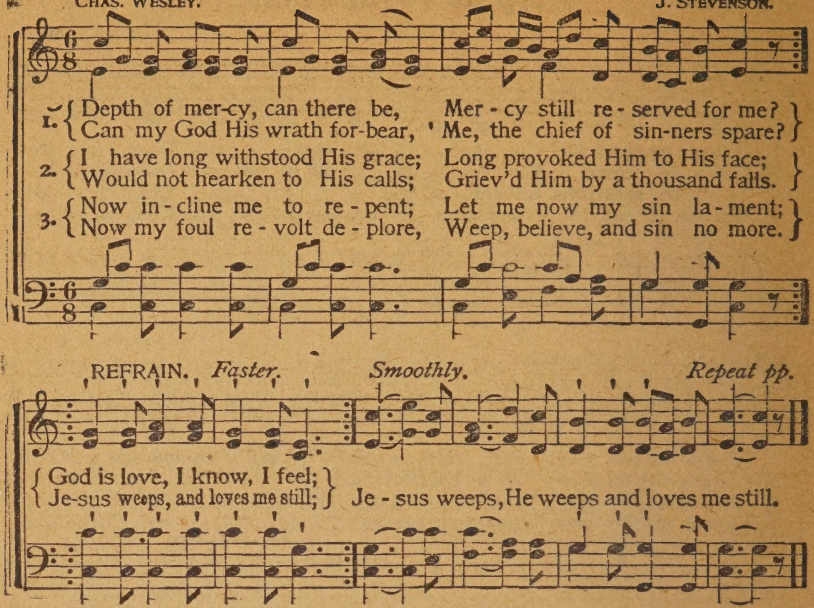
## 76 Depth of Mercy.

CHAS. WESLEY. J. STEVENSON.


1. Depth of mer-cy, can there be, Mer - cy still re - served for me?
Can my God His wrath for-bear, Me, the chief of sin-ners spare?
2. I have long withstood His grace; Long provoked Him to His face;
Would not hearken to His calls; Griev'd Him by a thousand falls.
3. Now in - cline me to re - pent; Let me now my sin la - ment;
Now my foul re - volt de - plore, Weep, believe, and sin no more.
REFRAIN. Faster. Smoothly. Repeat pp.
God is love, I know, I feel;
Je-sus weeps, and loves me still; Je - sus weeps, He weeps and loves me still.

## 77 Take Me as I Am.

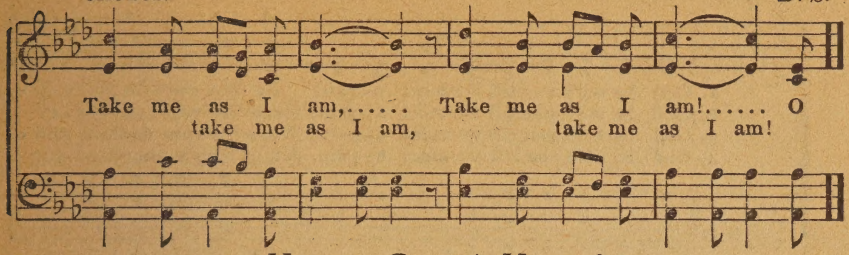
ANON. REV. J. H. STOCKTON.

1. Je - sus, my Lord, to Thee I cry; Un-less Thou help me, I must die;
2. Helpless I am, and full of guilt; But yet for me Thy blood was spilt,
3. I thirst, I long to know Thy love, Thy full sal - va - tion I would prove;
4. If Thou hast work for me to do, In-spire my will, my heart re-new;
5. And when at last the work is done, The bat-tle o'er, the vic - t'ry won,
8
Fine.
O bring Thy free sal - va - tion nigh, And take me as I am!
And Thou canst make me what Thou wilt, And take me as I am!
But since to Thee I can - not move, O take me as I am!
And work both in and by me, too, And take me as I am!
Still, still my cry shall be a - lone, O take me as I am!

D. S.—*bring Thy free sal - va - tion nigh, And take me as I am!*

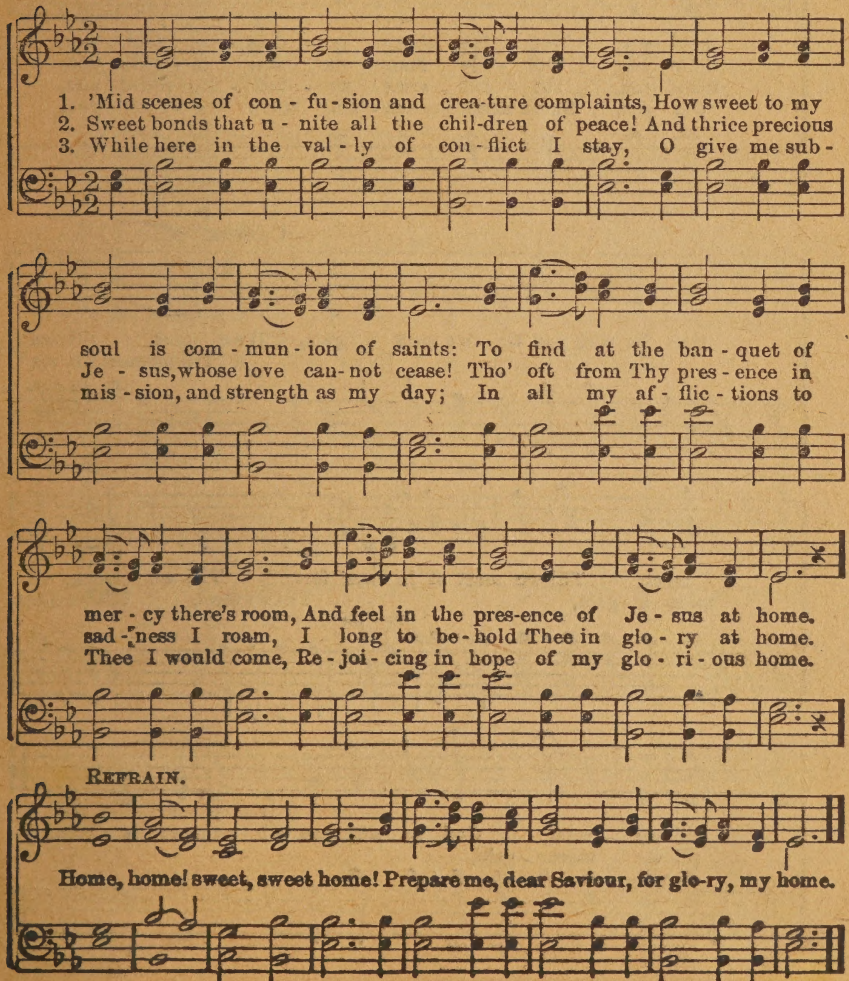
## Take Me as I Am—Concluded.

CHORUS. *D. S.*



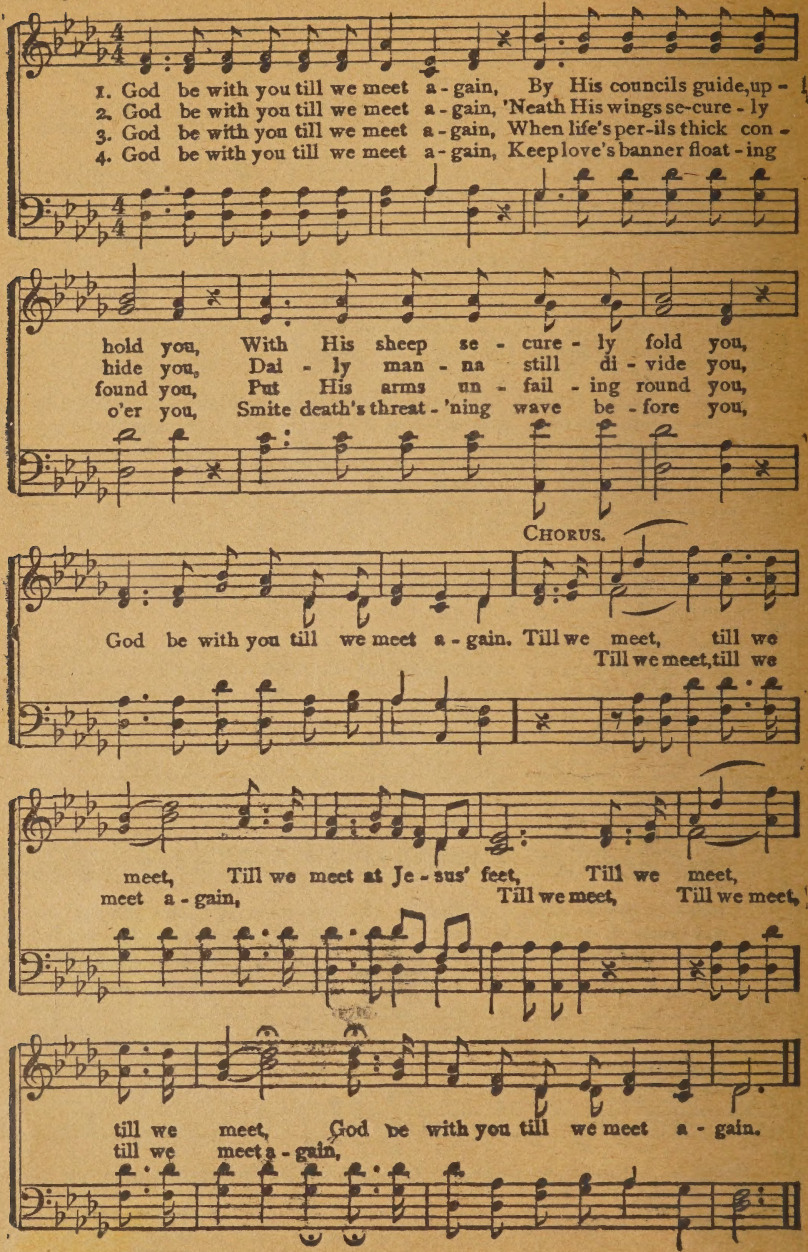

## 73 Home, Sweet Home!

DAVID DENHAM. HENRY R. BISHOP.


1. 'Mid scenes of con - fu - sion and crea-ture complaints, How sweet to my
2. Sweet bonds that u - nite all the chil-dren of peace! And thrice precious
3. While here in the val - ley of con - flict I stay, O give me sub -
soul is com - mun - ion of saints: To find at the ban - quet of
Je - sus, whose love can-not cease! Tho' oft from Thy pres - ence in
mis - sion, and strength as my day; In all my af - flic - tions to
mer - cy there's room, And feel in the pres-ence of Je - sus at home.
sad - ness I roam, I long to be - hold Thee in glo - ry at home.
Thee I would come, Re - joi - cing in hope of my glo - ri - ous home.
REFRAIN.
Home, home! sweet, sweet home! Prepare me, dear Saviour, for glo-ry, my home.

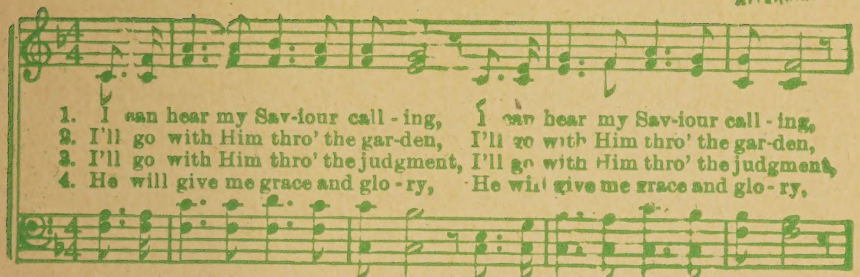
# God be With You.

J. E. RANKIN, D. D. W. G. TOMER.

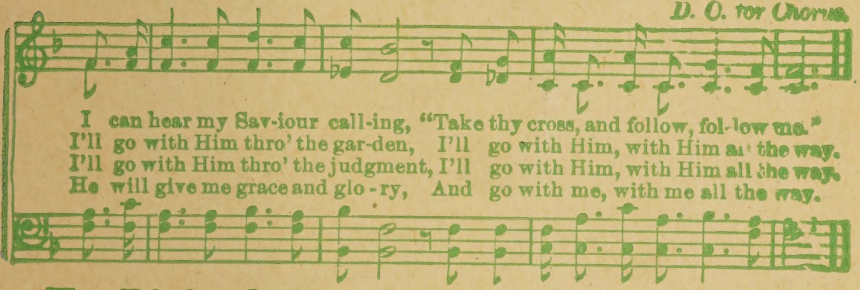

1. God be with you till we meet a - gain, By His councils guide, up -
2. God be with you till we meet a - gain, 'Neath His wings se-cure - ly
3. God be with you till we meet a - gain, When life's per-ils thick con -
4. God be with you till we meet a - gain, Keep love's banner float - ing
hold you, With His sheep se - cure - ly fold you,
hide you, Dai - ly man - na still di - vide you,
found you, Put His arms un - fail - ing round you,
o'er you, Smite death's threat - 'ning wave be - fore you,
CHORUS.
God be with you till we meet a - gain. Till we meet, till we
Till we meet, till we
meet, Till we meet at Je - sus' feet, Till we meet,
meet a - gain, Till we meet, Till we meet,
till we meet, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
till we meet a - gain,

## The Way to the Cross.

Arranged

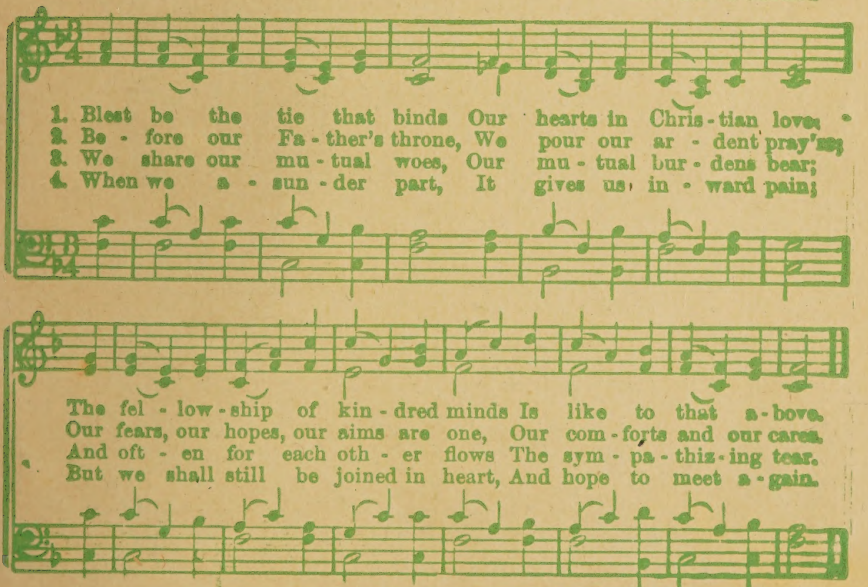

1. I can hear my Sav-iour call - ing, I can hear my Sav-iour call - ing,
2. I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den, I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den,
3. I'll go with Him thro' the judgment, I'll go with Him thro' the judgment,
4. He will give me grace and glo - ry, He will give me grace and glo - ry,
Cho.— Where He leads me I will fol - low, Where He leads me I will fol - low,

D. C. for Chorus.


I can hear my Sav-iour call-ing, "Take thy cross, and follow, fol-low me."
I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
I'll go with Him thro' the judgment, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
He will give me grace and glo - ry, And go with me, with me all the way.
Where He leads me I will fol - low. I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

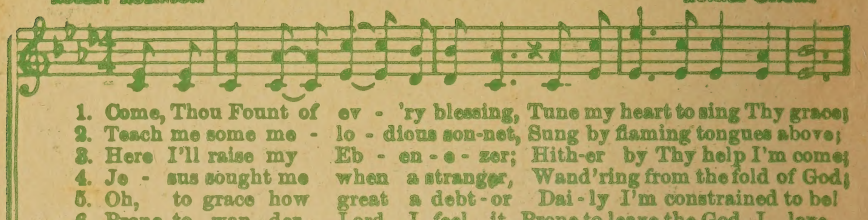
## 81 Blest Be the Tie that Binds.

John Fawcett. Hans Georgi Nageli.


1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris-tian love;
2. Be - fore our Fa - ther's throne, We pour our ar - dent pray'rs;
3. We share our mu - tual woes, Our mu - tual bur - dens bear;
4. When we a - sun - der part, It gives us in - ward pain;
The fel - low - ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove.
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our com - forts and our cares.
And oft - en for each oth - er flows The sym - pa - thiz - ing tear.
But we shall still be joined in heart, And hope to meet a - gain.

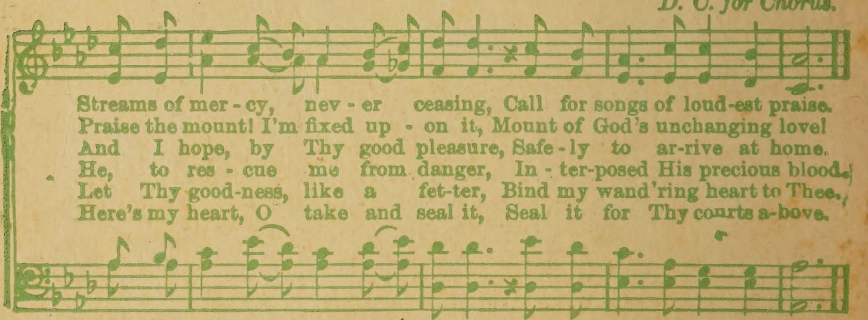
## 82 We Shall Walk Through the Streets.

ROBERT ROBINSON. HORACE GEORGE.


1. Come, Thou Fount of ev - 'ry blessing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
2. Teach me some me - lo - dious son-net, Sung by flaming tongues above;
3. Here I'll raise my Eb - en - e - zer; Hith-er by Thy help I'm come;
4. Je - sus sought me when a stranger, Wand'ring from the fold of God;
5. Oh, to grace how great a debt - or Dai - ly I'm constrained to be!
6. Prone to wan - der, Lord, I feel it, Prone to leave the God I love,

CHO.—*We shall walk thro' the streets of the cit-y, With our loved ones gone before,*

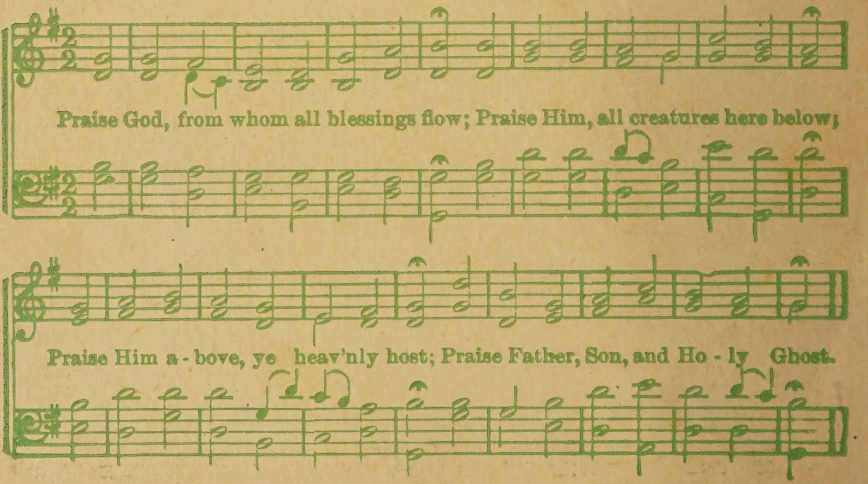
*D. C. for Chorus.*


Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceasing, Call for songs of loud-est praise.
Praise the mount! I'm fixed up - on it, Mount of God's unchanging love!
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure, Safe - ly to ar-rive at home.
He, to res - cue me from danger, In - ter-posed His precious blood.
Let Thy good-ness, like a fet-ter, Bind my wand'ring heart to Thee.
Here's my heart, O take and seal it, Seal it for Thy courts a-bove.

*We shall stand on the banks of the riv-er, We shall meet to part no more.*

## 83 Praise God.

THOMAS KEN. TUNE: OLD HUNDRED.


Praise God, from whom all blessings flow; Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him a - bove, ye heav'nly host; Praise Father, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.